Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
Is a Positive Cure
all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
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Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman.
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Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.
It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and
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ness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the
, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh
es of life's spring and early summer time.
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removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving
stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach.
that feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight
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the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex
this Compound is unsurpassed.
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an woman or child. Insist on having it.
oth the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared
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ith gums balsams and extracts. Its power is won-
rful in curing diseases where other plasters stm-
y relieve. Crick in the Back and Neck, Pain in
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ffections of the Heart and Liver, and all pains or
ches in any part cured instantly by the Hop Plaster.
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Hop Plaster Co., Manufacturers.
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HOP PLASTER

LAME BACK

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TRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

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Depots with all the principal lines of road between
the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equip-
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Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Full-
ngth Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best
Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains
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ways as low as competitors that offer less advan-
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Write for Illustrated Catalogue.
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13t10eow

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the sub-
scriber has been duly appointed Executor
of the last will and testament of William S. Craig,
late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, de-
ceased, and has undertaken that trust by
giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, there-
fore, having demands against the estate of said de-
ceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settle-
ment, and all indebted to said estate are requested
to make immediate payment to
April 25, 1883. 35* LENDALL TITCOMB.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1883.*
CROSBY FOWLER, Administrator on the estate
of William H. Fuller, late of Albion, in said county,
deceased, having presented his first account of ad-
ministration of said estate for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three
weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of
May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper
printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may
attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augus-
ta, and show cause, if any, why the same should
not be allowed.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1883.*
JONAS BUTTERFIELD, Guardian of Willie H.
Bean of Sidney, in said county, minor, having pre-
sented his second account of Guardianship of said
Ward for allowance; and also his petition for a dis-
charge from further service:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three
weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of
May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper
printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may
attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augus-
ta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not
be allowed and the said Guardian discharged.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1883.*
A petition having been presented for the appoint-
ment of Trustee under the will of the late Lewis D.
Moore of Augusta, deceased:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three
weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of
May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper
printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may
attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at
Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer
of said petition should not be granted.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1883.*
G. A. ROBERTSON, Administrator on the estate of
Sarah A. Lee, late of Augusta, in said county, de-
ceased, having petitioned for license to sell the fol-
lowing real estate of said deceased, for the payment
of debts, &c., viz.—Lot of land on Sewall street,
Augusta, with the buildings thereon:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks
successively prior to the fourth Monday of May
next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed
in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend
at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta,
and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said pe-
tition should not be granted.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 35*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscri-
ber has been duly appointed Administrator
on the estate of Samuel Q. Bean, late of Mt. Vernon,
in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and
has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the
law directs: All persons therefore, having demands
against the estate of said deceased, are desired to
exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to
said estate are requested to make immediate pay-
ment to
JOHN E. BEAN.
Mar. 25, 1883. 35*

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 out-
fit free. H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

Vol. LI. Augusta, Maine, Thursday Morning, May 24, 1883. Number 27.

Maine Farmer.

"Decline of New England."

"The Decline of New England" quite frequently forms the theme of Editorials in our Southern Agricultural cotemporaries, and such an air of complacency pervades these articles as to force the conclusion that with them, "the wish is father to the thought." Even the *Industrial South*, published in Richmond, Va., a journal that claims to be the organ of the new regime, and upon most questions really takes broader and more liberal views than most of the papers of the South, has an occasional article in which the decay of the Eastern states, in wealth, population and influence, is referred to without any expressions of regret thereat, if not directly as a subject for congratulation. Now, this certainly is the exhibition of a very narrow and bigoted spirit, a disposition of mind which, while it can result in no positive harm to us, is not calculated to promote that fraternal feeling and comity that should exist between states and sections of one common country. With the abolition of slavery, which nobody now regrets, the chief source of sectional strife and irritation was removed, and there is now no reason why all sectional feeling should not be buried with the dead past; yea, the time has come when we should regard the prosperity of any section of the country as of general good to the whole, and the decline in material strength of any portion of our commonwealth, as a national misfortune.

But we can assure our Southern cotemporaries that if they are really regretful of what they term our "decline," they have not the least cause for it; or if, as we have already hinted, the desire to have it so is the parent of the suggestion, their wishes in this direction will not very soon be gratified. The fact is, New England is not only not declining, but is steadily gaining in material wealth and population, although subjected to heavy drains annually, of those who go to settle in the far west. We have yet large undeveloped resources in these Eastern states, resources varied and valuable. We have millions of acres of good farming lands that have never yet been wrested from the wilderness; our lumbering resources are by no means exhausted, our granite quarries will furnish building material for the nation, and our water power after serving our local purposes, is sufficient for the manufacture of all the cotton, wool and flax the country can produce. Massachusetts is not naturally as good an agricultural state as Maine, and is only one-seventh the size of Georgia, yet according to the last census, the value of the farms in Massachusetts in 1880 exceeded those in Georgia, and the farm products of that year were thirty-five per cent. more. The average production per acre of wheat, corn and potatoes is greater in New England than in the South, while in the production of hay, Maine leads all the states and New England all other sections.

In manufactures, there has been a steady gain in New England. In 1880, two-thirds of the cotton goods manufactured in the country were made here, and much more than half the woolen goods. We make boots and shoes for the whole country, after having tanned the leather of which they are made. In 1880, the cotton goods manufactured in Maine were valued at $13,319,363, and the capital invested in the manufacture of woolen goods, was $3,876,028. In 1880, the value of cotton goods made in Massachusetts exceeded seventy-two millions of dollars, and those of Connecticut, sixteen millions. The capital invested in Maine manufactures in 1880 was $49,988,486, and the value of the products $79,829,793. The total valuation of New England in 1880 was $2,652,011,532. The following table shows the population of the New England States in 1870 and 1880:

	1870.	1880.
Maine,	626,915	648,336
New Hampshire,	318,300	346,991
Vermont,	330,551	332,286
Massachusetts,	1,457,351	1,783,085
Rhode Island,	217,353	276,531
Connecticut,	537,454	623,700
Total,	3,487,124	4,010,829

This shows a net gain in the ten years of 523,705 persons, or nearly sixteen per cent., and surely does not look as though New England would soon be depopulated.

The following from the last census reports show some of our Maine gains in agriculture, and the same relative gains are shown in each of the New England states. The gain will of course, be understood to mean bushels, the dairy products, pounds, and the hay, tons.

	1870.	1880.
Farms, no. of,	59,804	64,309
Farms, acres of,	5,838,058	6,553,578
Corn,	1,080,888	960,633
Oats,	2,351,358	2,265,575
Wheat,	278,703	665,774
Hay,	1,053,415	1,107,788
Wool,	1,774,168	2,776,407
Potatoes,	7,771,000	7,999,625
Butter,	11,636,482	14,103,966
Cheese,	1,152,590	1,167,730
Milch Cows,	139,259	150,845
Sheep,	434,066	665,918
Swine,	45,760	74,369

While there is a slight falling off in the product of corn and oats, the wheat product is more than doubled, and all others show a satisfactory increase, sufficient at any rate, to point out the utter groundlessness of the statement or assertion that the agriculture of New England is declining. Our relative gain in wealth and population, we admit, is far below that of many sections of the west toward which New England is constantly contributing, but it is well up to the average of the whole country. New England influence has also had much to do in moulding and directing the institutions of the great west, where our people have emigrated by hundreds of thousands, carrying with them the habits of industry, economy, thrift and morality inherited from their pilgrim and puritan ancestry, and which have ever been leading traits in New England character. As a factor in National politics, New England may have become of less importance than formerly, but this is scarcely to be regretted since the "course of empire is westward" where New England influences are, and will long be in the ascendant. We rejoice at the recuperative energies displayed by the South, and at her growing prosperity which is so manifest on every hand. We shall have no feeling of jealousy or animosity, if she so improves her superior natural advantages as to outstrip us in population and wealth, for are we not one people and one country, and is not her prosperity our prosperity, and her glory our glory?

State College Farm.

The farm committee of the Trustees of the State College, recently met at the College farm for the purpose of taking an account of stock, and balancing the accounts of the farm for the year ending April 1, 1883, it being the close of the first year under the management of Supt. Gowell. The farming for the coming year was also carefully laid out, together with the experimental work to be carried on with the limited appropriation made for the purpose, by the last legislature.

The financial results of the farming for the year are quite creditable, when all the conditions are taken into account. The following is the presentation:

Appraisal of products and stock of all kinds on hand April 1, 1883	$4331 00
Cash on hand April 1, 1883	65 68
Total	$4396 68
Cr.	
By ashes purchased and now on hand for this season's use	$243 00
By farm impliments and household furniture and bedding purchased, minus wear for time in use	500 74
By ice house built	60 00
By cost of piggery under stable	35 50
By cost of permanent farm improvements by clearing land and draining for future operations	206 00
By cost of experimental work	70 00
	$1115 24
Total farm credits	$5511 92
Dr.	
Appraisal of stock and products on hand April 1, 1882	$1549 95
Liabilities, Apr. 1, 1883	1655 34
Cows purchased	1000 00
	$4205 29
Balance from year's farming	$1306 63

At the opening of the farm work in the spring, there had been very little preparatory work done; last autumn there were forty acres plowed, and a portion of it manured in preparation for this spring's seeding.

There are twenty-one cows on the farm—three thoroughbred, and two grade Shorthorns, eight thoroughbred Jerseys, four of them A. C. C. H. R., and four M. S., and eight Jersey and Ayrshire cross-breed. Accurate daily records of their milk products are kept, and occasional tests of their daily yield of butter are made. Several of them have been making over two pounds of butter a day. A debt and credit account, accurately drawn, is kept with the herd of cows. A full line of modern appliances for making butter are supplied to the dairy room, and a choice product of butter is being made which is fast winning for itself a reputation in the neighboring city of Bangor. Everything in connection with the stock and with the dairy operations is carried on in conformity with the most advanced knowledge of the day upon the matter, thus making it a complete school of butter dairying.

Experimental work has been carried on to the extent of the means in hand. A few dollars was appropriated by the legislature two years ago which has been used and a portion of the profits of the farm, as will be seen by the above figures, has been absorbed by this work. The experiments in fertilization carried on last year, on account of the severe drought, were not of so much reliance as would be the case in a season of average rain fall. They will be repeated. Experiments in pig feeding of a valuable character, and giving most interesting results, were accurately conducted. During the past winter tests have been made of the comparative feeding value of Hungarian hay and Timothy; hay cut in blossom and late cut hay; corn meal, and cotton seed meal, and wheat bran. In all of these trials the milk flow has been recorded, and the actual butter yield from it determined and a chemical examination made each day of the milk fats. Results of a surprising character have been shown which in due time will be published. The tests are still going on.

Farm work for the present season has been laid out on a larger scale than ever before. Forty acres will be put in crops. A large stock of barn manure is on hand, and being applied to this land, and thirteen hundred bushels of ashes and ten tons of Superphosphate have been provided for the same purpose. Experimental work will be continued on a larger scale than heretofore, including the experiment of determining whether crops can be produced at a profit continuously on the same land with concentrated fertilizers only.

Hill vs. Flat Culture.

This is one of the numerous farm questions which has been much discussed, and upon which if we are to judge by the practice, no definite conclusion has been reached, for the practice is still far from uniform. We remember of hearing it discussed more than forty years ago, and both hill and level culture for corn, had their advocates then as now, though those that practiced level cultivation were fewer then. While inclined ourselves to level culture, yet we are aware that this should and must depend somewhat upon circumstances. Where the soil is deep and rich so that the plow can be put down to a good depth, we should say, practice level culture by all means. On the other hand where the soil is shallow and cannot be cultivated to a depth of more than six inches, as is often the case before the hard pan or coarse gravel is reached, hill culture may become necessary. In very wet seasons also, hill culture may be best, but in dry seasons, and especially in periods of severe and protracted drouth, such as have been very frequent in years past, there can be no question that level culture is far preferable.

In plowing a deep, rich soil for corn, it is the practice of some to run the plow a second time in the same furrow, and this is often necessary where the team is light, in order that the soil may be stirred to a sufficient depth. A noted corn-grower gives his method of preparing the ground, or rather states how he will prepare it as follows:

"I shall break an old run-out field this spring; then I will spread on a good coat of cellar manure, though not until it is harrowed once, so the dressing will be more even. After the manure is all on, I shall harrow it five or six times at least. I prefer the cutter tooth harrow, as it turns back less furrows than the old style harrow. Next I shall bush it with a heavy bush to make a thorough mixing and cut all the lumps. (I would let it rest a day or two to dry.) After it is bushed enough, I shall go twice in a row with my Eagle horse cultivator with the hiller on and make a deep and wide furrow or channel about five inches deep, for dry land and less for moist. Then I shall scatter a barrel full of fertilizers in this row, sowing it to a width of 16 inches, for I have seen the bad effect of dropping fertilizers in a clump. Then I shall drop the corn three seeds to the hill, in hills two feet apart and rows 3½ feet apart. I shall not cover the fertilizers except when I do the seed, as it is spread so nicely it will do no harm, and saves one covering, which is no small item when we have more than we can do. I shall cover the seed 1½ inches deep and pat the soil only over the seed."

We would certainly vary the practice here described so far as to have the hills the same distance apart as the rows, in order to run the cultivator both ways and save hand-hoeing. By so doing, larger areas can be cultivated and at less expense. The same writer thus describes his after treatment:

"When I cultivate, I set the cultivator not quite as wide as the rows are, run the right hand side away to the row and go twice at least in each row. I do nearly all the hoeing thus. I shall go over it with the hoe and shall leave the land the lowest about the hill. I shall hoe it with the cultivator at least three times, and where the rows are made straight and even we can do the work so much quicker that we can afford to do it thoroughly. I shall keep the land the lowest about the hills, and when the dry weather comes my corn will stand up with out-stretched arms as if to say to the neighbors' corn on the hill, "Come over here and see how moist the land is on this old dry field." By such thorough culture, and deep working the soil gathers lots of moisture from the air. I shall take an old cultivator frame and set small square teeth thickly to level the space between the rows, for the improved cultivators are sure to leave the land too much in ridges."

Comparative Analysis—Query.

Our correspondent, J. E. Stofford, of "The Ridge," Fredericton, N. B., sends us two analyses of his ensilage, and asks how this compares in nutrient value with mangolds, turnips and sugar beets. His two analyses are as follows:

	1st.	2d.
Dry matter,	18.50	17.10
Non-nitrogenous matter,	8.50	8.10
Woody fibre,	4 75	5.25
Albuminoids,	1.75	1.50
Fat,	1.15	1.05

The residuum being water. In the first instance he reports acetic acid present, but in very small quantities.

The following analyses of roots are found in Armsby's Manual:

	Dry matter.	Albuminoids.	Non-nitrogenous mat'r.	Crude Fibre.
Mangolds,	12.00	1.1	9.1	0.9
Turnips,	9.50	1.0	5.9	1.3
Sugar Beets,	18.05	1.0	15.4	9.7

The proportion of fatty matter is: mangolds, 0.1; turnips, 0.25; sugar beets, 0.1. Armsby's manual gives the average analysis of ensilaged corn-fodder, as follows:

Dry matter,	16.5
Albuminoids,	1.2
Non-nitrogenous matter,	8.0
Crude fibre,	5.3
Fat,	0.9

We advise our correspondent to procure either Armsby's or Stewart's Manual, where analyses are given of a great variety of feeding stuffs.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Natural History of Humble Bees.

The Humble-bees, or Bumble-bees as they are sometimes called, are among the largest and most showy of our Maine Hymenopters, and are extremely useful to the farmers for the work they do in cross fertilizing red clover. It is well known that the flower tube of this plant is so long that few insects have a sufficient length of tongue to reach the nectar in the nectary, and therefore it is not frequented by honey bees and other nectar loving Hymenopterous insects. We are therefore greatly indebted to the Humble-bees, for in their visits to the clover, their great hairy bodies become more or less powdered with the pollen, and when they visit other clover heads their flowers are fertilized by the pollen which the Humble-bees have brought from the flowers previously visited.

It has been claimed, and without doubt correctly, that unless cross fertilization is effected in some way, the clover will run out. Darwin covered one hundred flower heads of red clover with a net to keep the insects from them and not a single seed was developed, but from one hundred heads on plants growing outside which were visited by bees, there were obtained 2720 seeds. Experiments of a similar character have been repeatedly performed both in Europe and in this country, and with like results. In all my observations I have scarcely ever seen any other insects visiting red clover than Humble-bees.

These insects are pretty generally distributed over the world, being found in both North and South America, in Europe, Asia and Africa, but not in Australia and New Zealand. It is in northern latitudes that they thrive best and they even occur in the most northern regions to which man has penetrated.

In Australia there are no native insects adapted to the cross fertilization of red clover, and it has even been attempted to introduce Humble-bees into that country for this purpose, but with what results I have not yet learned.

There are four different kinds in a colony of Humble-bees, the large females or queens, the small females, the workers and the males. Only the queen lives over the winter, and she hibernates either in the nest or under fallen leaves, or in some protected place. When the warm days of spring come, these large females, or queens, may be seen flying from place to place, crawling in and out of places, around and under stumps and stones, hunting for some place in which to make their nests.

When one of these queens finds a suitable place, as a deserted nest of a field mouse, or some hole under a stone, or stump, she at once collects a small amount of pollen which she mixes with honey, making a more or less sticky mass which she sticks into the pollen basket on the outside of the hind leg, and in which it is carried to the nest. As soon as a small mass of this food is collected, the queen deposits several eggs in it without order and without even constructing any cells, but she continues the work of collecting pollen and laying eggs until the first brood emerges. As soon as the eggs hatch, the young begin to eat of the mass of food which surrounds them, thus enlarging their cavity gradually until they reach their full growth as larvæ, when they spin a silken wall around themselves, lining the cavity which they have excavated in the pollen mass. The old bees close up these cells with a thin layer of wax, and the young transform into pupæ, and in due time change into the perfect stage and cut their way out, when they are ready to assume their duties as workers, small females, males, or queens, according to their individual formation.

In the spring and early summer, only the large females are to be seen abroad on the wing, but the first brood consisting of workers only, as soon as they emerge, at once take upon themselves the work of the nests and the collecting of pollen and honey, while the queens remain in the nests. After this time only small bees are to be seen visiting the flowers, and these are the workers.

As the queen continues prolific, more workers are added and the nest is rapidly enlarged. About midsummer, eggs are laid which produce both small females and males. It is supposed that they pair near the end of the season, and as a result, these small females lay eggs from which the queens are developed. It has been proved that all the eggs laid after the first of September produce the large females or queens, and as the males are still in the nest, the queens are impregnated in the air after the manner of the honey bee. On the approach of cold weather all the Humble-bees die except the queens, of which there are now several in each nest. These queens hibernate during the winter, and in spring they revive to repeat another cycle as described.

Twelve different species of Humble-bees belonging to the genus *Bombus*, are known to inhabit New England, and of these I have taken five in Orono.

I am not aware that these insects are in any way injurious, but from the above showing they are of immense value in cross fertilizing plants and should be protected. Mowing machines and horse rakes destroy their nests when run through them, but this should be avoided when possible. It is true that they sting upon severe provocation, as when one attempts to destroy their nests, but who wouldn't fight for their own homes and firesides?

State College. C. H. FERNALD.

For the Maine Farmer.

Bee Keeping.--No. 2.

WHO SHOULD KEEP BEES?

Bee-keeping is an occupation that may safely be engaged in either as a permanent occupation or as an adjunct to most any business or profession. Any person who is careful and cautious, who possesses a fair share of patience and a determination to succeed, is sure to make even more than a good living, with a small outlay of capital at the start. He must be attentive to his business and have sufficient energy to enable him to overcome obstacles, should they arise, and having once started must have enough courage to continue, even though he may meet with disappointment, or through ill-luck he should suffer an occasional loss. Of course a mere novice would not, neither could he expect to succeed at once, for a large amount of experience and study is required to master the business, but having once learned the *modus operandi*, he may feel sure that he will meet with success. I propose, in the course of these articles, to point out in brief, what is considered the correct manner of managing an apiary, and the way to gain the required knowledge to successfully care for it, and will say to those who feel disposed to enter into the occupation of bee-culture, either as a permanent business or as a means of pleasure, that there is scarcely a locality in the whole country where a man may not procure a livelihood as easily and with as little outlay of cash, in the business, as in any other in which he may engage.

Apiculture may be recommended to nearly every person who has time to attend to its duties. The man of business or one who is engaged in any of the professions, can derive a vast amount of pleasure, and at the same time make a handsome addition to his income by keeping a few colonies of bees. He can also, at the same time, keep himself in good health, and free from dyspeptic troubles, by taking the exercise which laboring among his bees would give, and which as a rule, he would not take unless he had some incentive of this kind to spur him up; the business man, after a hard day's work in store or office needs something in the way of outdoor exercise to rest both brain and body, and laboring among his bees would give it a form which would be both pleasant and profitable. But little time is required to care for a few colonies of bees, and a half-hour's work, morning and night, would be amply sufficient for the purpose. The length of time required will of course depend upon the number of colonies kept, but this can be easily regulated, and the correct number easily ascertained by short experience; and such a systematic arrangement can be made, that it need not interfere with other business. Bees may be kept in town, village or city, and the study of this branch of natural history will ever be found a service of pleasure, and the means of deriving much valuable information. To ladies, it offers a grand opportunity to take much needed exercise in the open air, and will tend to bring the roses back to a cheek made pale by close application to indoor duties. Ladies are also particularly fitted to care for bees, for the gentle hand of woman, whose ministrations are so soothing at the bed-side of the sick, seems to be just the thing to keep a colony of bees from becoming irascible, and thus preventing them from becoming uncontrollable. The farmer can make apiculture a valuable adjunct to his other labors, and reap a rich harvest in a double sense from his highly cultivated fields. His bees will gather their honey sweets from his blossoming grains and flowers, and cause them no injury in so doing, but will benefit them rather, by carrying the pollen from one field to another and thus cause many plants to fructify that otherwise would remain barren and unproductive.

The clergyman can devote some spare moments to the care of an apiary, to the great benefit of his weary brain, and at the same time he can learn many a lesson of the wisdom and greatness of that God whom we all adore, and from the lesson he learns, and the experience he gains, be enabled to teach his flock more forcibly and understandingly than he otherwise would or could, for nowhere is the beneficence of the loving and merciful Creator shown more plainly than in the operations carried on in the colony of bees. The lawyer and doctor can, by keeping a few bees, find a splendid opportunity by working among them, to relax the overworked brain, and carry the one to his office, and the other to the bedside of the sick, a clearer head and a steadier nerve by reason of the exercise thus taken. In fact, to any one who feels the need of renewing health and increasing his vigor, and whose regular business precludes constant exercise in the open air, the keeping of more or less bees, presents a splendid opportunity to combine profit with pleasure, together with the chance of increasing the vigor both of body and mind.

There are some persons, however, who are so constituted by nature, that bee-culture would not be advisable to them at all. I refer to those who are so susceptible to the bee-sting poison, that a single introduction of a bee's business end, would produce sickness and almost unbearable agony. Fortunately, there are few persons so constituted and I need not say to them that they should not engage in the business, for probably their own feelings would prevent them from so doing, no matter what inducements might be held out; for no matter how much care is taken, an apiarist occasionally gets a sting accidentally, or sometimes a colony gets so stirred up as to be almost unapproachable unless by a person of great courage. These occasions are rare, and unless one is of the peculiar class above mentioned, no bad results follow. Bee-keeping is one of the most fascinating pursuits ever engaged in, and I never yet saw a person who did not enjoy every moment of time spent in his apiary, after he had once gained the knowledge and experience necessary to conduct it successfully. The habits of the bees are so wonderful, aye, marvelous, that the pleasure derived in observing them is indescribable; and then one feels a peculiar pride in being able to manage them and handle them without danger to themselves and to cause them to so far forget their natural desire and inclination, to pitch in and warm up every one, who attempts to interfere with the internal arrangements of their abodes, to become as harmless as flies and allow their master to rob them of their surplus stores with impunity. And the knowledge that one has such power of control over these marvelous insects, is a rich reward for the time and labor expended in learning how to do it successfully.

Of the profits of bee-keeping, I will say simply this, which is acknowledged by every practical bee-keeper to be true, they will repay well all the care and labor expended upon them no matter in what locality they are kept; in some places better than others, of course, but well everywhere that civilization extends and flourishes.

Mechanic Falls. J. B. MASON.

For the Maine Farmer.

Cattle Drovers' Life.

As not many of the farmers who grow and sell cattle for Brighton market know much about the pains and pleasures of the life of a drover, I conclude to put a trip embracing one week's operations on paper for their benefit. First, we start out among the farmers to buy their surplus stock in the shape of beef or store cattle, working oxen and milch cows. Of course the beef so far as quality and weight go, we must be the judges of ourselves, in order to follow the avocation, yet the old farmer makes out he has fed his oxen untold amounts of meal, and by his persuasive arguments induces us to add one hundred pounds to our estimates, or else he is kind enough to take us on another tack and order the boys to put up our horse and give a peck of oats, and asks us to eat dinner or a dish of apples with him, then modestly asks us ten dollars too much for his oxen, and we pay his price when we know we are cheated, on account of his kind and generous treatment, which, in the end, proves a dear repast, sometimes costing the unsophisticated drover ten or twenty dollars.

Dan Wells, an old veteran drover of the Kennebec, once remarked to the young craft, "don't let them stuff doughnuts into one pocket and pull money out of the other." In regard to working oxen, it is hard finding a pair that are not perfectly handy and good workers. One farmer said his steers were acquainted with the yoke; afterward it was ascertained they were perfectly wild. The farmer answered, "he always kept an ox yoke in his the up, and supposed the steers had got an introduction." Another being asked if his cattle were peaceable to fence, remarked that "they never troubled him;" after it was proved that they were very unruly and would hook down fences, he remarked that "a man was a fool who would let such small trifles trouble him."

Cows are invariably first class; very seldom we find a poor one, or one that Sarah Jane, the farmer's wife has not made astonishingly large amounts of butter in an incredible short time, although our customers in Massachusetts don't find them always up to the scratch. Possibly the change of climate has affected them, or the drover forgot just what was said about the cow, and tells a story to suit the occasion. However, after some trouble and some fun, we get our carload of cattle ready to ship. We are not allowed to overload our cars as used to be the case. Under the present superior and humane management of the Maine Central railroad, cattle have to be well bedded with straw or sawdust, and no more animals put in than can stand comfortably; drovers are furnished free passes to accompany their stock. So Monday morning, we leave home to make our venture. We arrive at Portland at six o'clock, P. M., thence go to Watertown by the Eastern railroad who furnish us a sleeping car, not exactly a Pullman, but a car with bunks comfortable to sleep on. We leave Portland at 8 o'clock, P. M. on stock train, that holds a right over all other freight trains, with rights to run wild, with a jolly crew full of anecdotes, and all bound for a trade which frequently takes place on the train, as it is no unusual thing for a carload of cattle to change owners as we are hurrying through the night at the rate of thirty miles an hour, as quietly as we should trade by our firesides, without the least thought of danger. We are due to arrive at Watertown market at 5 o'clock, Tuesday forenoon. Then comes the "tussel" whether we go home richer or poorer. We are met at the landing by butchers, milk men, farmers and jockeys, or sharpers who think to catch us up on some animal or animals, in our drowsy, tired condition.

At the opening of the market, is where drovers make their mistakes; everyone needs their thoughts about them, as an offer rejected may never be repeated, and it gives a fellow the regret to sell cattle less than former bids. We meet at three markets all classes of individuals; some honorable dealers, others that will beat you if they can. To be a good salesman, it requires quick judgment, quick thought and quick action.

Tuesday is the wholesale day, both at Watertown and B. & A. landing, or new Brighton yards. At the present time all Maine cattle are landed at Watertown, and what remain unsold are driven over to Old Brighton yards, the distance of one mile; here the cattle are housed in large barns and fitted up for the next day's sale. The custom now is to keep the calves away from cows and "bag them up," to show their capacity, which I think is wrong, as it injures the animal. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have an agent at both of these markets, who takes notes of any irregularity of loading, as the laws in Massachusetts are very strict in regard to the punishment of cruelty to our dumb animals, and the laws are executed by these agents of the society. We are allowed to "bag" our cows from four o'clock Tuesday, till next morning, but I fear in a few instances they are bagged longer.

The trade Wednesday is a different class, being a retail business, selling oxen under the yoke, and milch cows, although some beef cattle are also yarded and sold. Here we meet some men who come into the market and know their purchase and go home like men; others who are called "sunset" buyers, wait to find somebody on the "anxious seat," sick enough to lose on their cattle, and this class of buyers get rewarded for their craven acts by finding some stranger who has "got off his pins" and is satisfied to go home and give up "Brighton as a hard road to travel." The market is all over at four o'clock, Wednesday, and for weal or woe we figure up and find on which side of the sheet the margin lies. We leave Boston Wednesday night for home on the Pullman train. Such is the life of a drover, and if by honest and fair dealing he gets a competence to go down the decline of life, no one ought to begrudge him his hard earned money.

Burnham. I. C. LIBBY.

For the Maine Farmer.

Itinerating Notes.

Mr. J.W. Starkey of Vassalboro', is making a specialty of breeding Merino sheep and has one of the best flocks of this breed in East Kennebec. He commenced breeding about five years ago from ewes bought of Mr. C. A. Fuller of Fairfield Centre. Particularly noticeable among the sheep now in his flock are 5 two years old ewes with lambs by their side, which came from Pomfret, Vt., last fall; a lot of 5 ewes, the get of the well known Lawrence & Butler buck, Capt. Henry, whose get are noted for heavy fleeces; and a fine young buck bred by C. A. Fuller and registered (15) in Vermont Merino Register, the get of Lawrence & Fuller's stock buck Garfield 161. Mr. Starkey has 11 young bucks of his own breeding, a very good lot, which he will sell at fair prices. He informs me that he has recently sold what ewes he had to spare at good prices.

Mr. E. S. Bessey of Monmouth, has a small but excellent herd of grade Jersey cows, 5 in number. At the time of my call, the last of February, one was nearly dry, two came in last August one in December, and one in January. Mr. Bessey informed me that they were then making 30 lbs. of butter per week. Their feed was hay, with two quarts each of shorts and corn meal, and one quart of cotton-seed meal per day, given at two feeds. One cow made from one day's milk, in January, 2 lbs. and 5 ozs. of butter; had been in milk about three weeks; feed at the time, 3 pints cotton-seed meal, one pint corn meal, and 2 quarts fine feed per day; weight of milk 26¼ lbs., weight of cream 4 lbs. and 3 ozs. Mr. Bessey takes pride in making a nice quality of butter, for which he has a ready market.

Mr. S. C. Goodale of Winthrop, recently showed me some nice looking young sheep, the get of a Shropshire buck, out of grade Cotswold and South Down ewes. He is satisfied that it was an excellent cross, and is of the opinion that the Shropshire will prove to be of much value to breed with our ordinary coarse wool sheep, and would like to know the experience and observation of others with them. Mr. Goodale has a good farm of 300 acres, which he purchased and moved on to a little more than a year ago. He intends to make sheep husbandry and dairying his specialties. His flock at the time of my call consisted of about 80 head, mostly of South Down and Cotswool grades. I noticed, however, a small lot of Merinoes; and a thoroughbred South Down buck, which he informed me was from the flock of G. J. Shaw, Hartland. Mr. Good

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, May 24, 1883.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Sagadahoc County during May.

MR. H. G. ELLIS will call upon our subscribers in York County during May and June.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG will call upon our subscribers in Penobscot County during May and June.

The Army of the Potomac.

Again, in the march of the years, the grand old Army of the Potomac has held its annual reunion. It was held in Washington, and the grandest day of the event was Wednesday of last week. It was the fourteenth annual reunion, and the day was most auspicious for the great parade. The society numbers 1200 men. There were present but 500, but the detachments of U. S. troops at Washington, with the several companies of district militia, formed a procession which reminded the old veterans of war times. But it was the men who wore no uniforms, who marched with a limping step and hobbled, some of them, on crutches, who attracted the most attention. The fierce artillery of time has beaten remorselessly upon the rapidly thinning ranks of the Old Guard of the capital's defenders. The men were the same as those who marched to the front in 1861, save those who fell, "with their back to the field and their feet to the foe." The route of the procession was round the squares in which the military statues are located—McPherson, Thomas and Scott—to the White House, where they were reviewed by the President and a distinguished company. As the old soldiers passed each bronze hero there was pathos in their halting step and reverence in their uncovered heads. Those who are fond of drawing historical parallels recall the fact that eighteen years ago, upon the grand stand at this same place, the principal spectators were President Andrew Johnson, the several corps commanders of the Potomac Army, Secretary Stanton, Lieut. Gen. Grant, Major Gen. Rawlings, Grant's chief of staff, Postmaster General Dennison, Major Gen. Sherman, Secretary of the Navy Wells, Quartermaster General Meigs, Major Gen. Barnard, Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, Assistant Secretary Harlan and Gen. Geo. B. McClellan. In all that list there was but one who passed in review on Wednesday, the remnant of the Grand Army of the Potomac—Gen. Sherman. This is his last year as General of the army. The rest are, many of them, in honored graves. The army, after passing in review before the President, disbanded, and most of the comrades paid their respects to the President, who greeted them with hearty courtesy.

The exercises in the evening were held at the National Theatre, which was elegantly decorated for the occasion. An oration was delivered by Hon. Martin Maginnis of Montana. The speaker gave a glowing and eloquent description of the many gallant services of the Army of the Potomac. Then he asked the question, "What had this victory cost? From May, 1861, to March, 1864, the losses of the Army of the Potomac were, in killed, 15,320; wounded, 65,850; captured, 31,378; in all, 112,448. From May 1, 1864, to April 9, 1865, killed, 12,500; wounded, 69,500; captured or missing, 28,000; aggregate, 110,000. From the beginning to the close of the war, killed, 27,720; wounded, 155,652; captured or missing, 59,378. A grand aggregate of 242,750. Adding those who died of gunshot wounds the number of men who lost their lives in action in the Army of the Potomac was 48,902, probably one-half of all who died from wounds on the field of battle in all the armies of the United States. Add to this the deaths from disease and the discharges for disability, and you will see why we have so large a pension-roll." Maj. Maginnis differed from many of the orators who have preceded him. He gave the honor of the victories to the private soldiers who survived, and to those who are beneath the sod. The army, he said, produced no Julius Cæsar, and no Napoleon.

The poem was by George Alfred Townsend, the brilliant war correspondent. It was in the main a fine tribute to Lincoln. The following are the most striking verses:

Feeling for the doomed deserter, feeling for the drafted sire,
For the empty Northern hearthstone and the Southern home of fire,
Mercy kept him grim as Moloch, all the future babes to froe,
And eternal peace to garner for the millions yet to be.

Not a soldier of the classics, he could see through learned pretense,
Master of the greatest science, military common sense;
As he watched your marches, comrades, hither, thither, wayward years,
On his map of life and power he followed, you can trace them by his tears.

In the rear the people clamored, in the front the Generals missed;
In his inner councils harbored critic and antagonist,
But he ruled them by an instinct like the Queens among the bees,
With a health of soul that honeyed Publicans and Pharisees.

Faint of faith, we looked behind us for a chief of higher tone,
While the voice that drowned the trumpets was the echo of our own;
Ever thus, my old companions! Genius has us by the hand,
Walking on the tempest with us, every crisis to command.

Like the bugle blown at evening by some homestick Lincoln's words, unearthly quiver in the universal heart,
Not an echo left of malice, scarce of triumph in the strain,
As when summer thunder murmurs in pathetic showers of rain.

At the election of officers for the ensuing year, to the great surprise of many, Gen. Grant was defeated for the Presidency of the Society. Gen. John Newton of New York was elected. Brooklyn, N. Y., was selected as the next place of meeting. The next day, (Thursday) at the banquet, a grand ovation was given to Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, who vindicated his course as commander of the army of the Potomac. The reception he received shows that he is still popular with his old command.

THE LEASE. Our article in last week's paper, in opposition to the lease of the Eastern Railroad by the Boston and Maine, has been extensively copied by the leading daily and weekly papers of New England, and most favorably commented upon. Many of the most influential papers are wheeling into line, and the chances of the lease being consummated grows less and less daily. The people of New Hampshire will make themselves heard against the creation of this great monopoly, on the assembling of the legislature. Hon. Frank Jones, a large stockholder, is said to be opposed to the lease. Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, than whom there is no more popular or influential public man in New Hampshire, opposes the lease in a sledge-hammer and unanswerable argument that occupies nearly two columns in the Boston *Traveller*. The pet scheme of a few greedy speculators seems doomed to die before its birth.

The name and fame and face of Lydia E. Pinkham have become familiar to all newspaper readers. But even "Vegetable Compound" could not save her, and her death at the age of sixty-four, at her home in Lynn, Mass., Friday night, is reported. She began her patent medicine business by mixing small lots in a tea-kettle, and has lately done a business of $300,000 a year. She is said to have expended $180,000 yearly in advertising.

THE CZAR'S CORONATION. The coronation of Alexander, Czar of Russia, which has several times been postponed, occurs on Sunday next. Great preparations have been made for the event. The ceremonies will take place in the church of the Assumption in the Kremlin, at Moscow, and the preparations are on a scale of dazzling magnificence. The Czar and Czarina arrived at Moscow on Sunday and representatives of foreign governments are pouring into the city. To the world at large the chief interest in the event arises from the attitude of the Nihilist conspirators. They have sworn that Alexander shall not live beyond his coronation day, and the oath of a Nihilist, experience shows, means a great deal. Their own lives count for nothing when it is necessary to sacrifice them in order to compass their ends. The state entry into Moscow was made Tuesday, with great display. For four miles and a half there was one dense crowd of people. Along the road which the procession traversed there were a hundred Venetian masts, from which banners were flying. All domes and spires of buildings in the city were decked with flags. Thousands of persons spent the night out of doors that they might secure good places to witness the procession. Multitudes of others thronged the churches, praying for the safety of the Emperor. The enthusiasm of the people along the route was unbounded. The Emperor wore the uniform of a general, and was mounted on a splendid chariot. He maintained a calm demeanor, although he often smiled graciously in response to the wild enthusiasm which greeted him on every hand. Cheer upon cheer followed each other incessantly from the densely packed multitude on the streets and from thousands of people in balconies and windows. The Empress was greeted with every mark of loyalty. The state carriages were splendidly decorated, and the whole effect was most gorgeous. The entire route was lined with troops. At the moment the cortage entered the city, a salute of seventy-one guns was fired from Czarskaia Place. The governor general received the Emperor at the city boundary, and joined the cortage with his suit. The signal for the starting of the procession was the firing of artillery, and ringing the bells of the Cathedral of Assumption. On the Emperor mounting his horse other salutes were fired. The procession then moved according to the programme. After entering Kremlen Court, the officials presented their majesties with bread and salt on plates of silver and gold, and when their majesties retired bells pealed and a salute of one hundred and one guns was fired.

ACQUITTED. Hon. Phil. P. Thompson, member of Congress from Kentucky, who recently deliberately shot and killed Walter H. Davis, has been acquitted by the jury at Harrodsburg. The jury was out but one hour. The verdict was received with a deafening shout by a most densely packed house, and probably there was hardly a man present without a loaded six-shooter in his hip pocket, ready to imitate "heroic Phil," who is now the hero of the hour. This is the sixth man that "little Phil" has deliberately killed, and so well established is his reputation that he has decided to be a candidate for re-election to Congress. Phil himself says that the killing of Davis has in no way compromised his prospects. We have no doubt it has helped his chances among a class of men who like to be represented in Congress by one of their kind. Phil is said to be a very chivalrous and kind-hearted man. True, there are the widow and children of the murdered man, whose husband and father was taken from them in the twinkling of an eye, without a chance to defend himself or clear his character; there is the wife of Thompson, whose shame, actual or fancied, he has been the means of spreading before the world; there are his children and heirs, who must suffer the taint of disgrace; there is the outraged law that is supposed to protect every man's life and property. But what of all that? "Little Phil" is most certainly a tenderhearted man, for it is related that at a certain point in the trial his sensitive spirit asserted itself, and he "took his cigar from his mouth, laid down his newspaper and rested his face upon his hand." Pathetic spectacle indeed! who is so hard-hearted that he can refuse it the tribute of a tear? Who shall say that he ought not to be allowed to return to Congress, and to load his revolver for his seventh victim?

DEATH OF BISHOP PECK. Bishop Jesse T. Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal church, died of pneumonia in Syracuse, N. Y., on Thursday, after a brief illness. Bishop Peck was born in Middlefield, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1811, was licensed as a local preacher in 1829. From 1837 to 1841 he was Principal of the Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, and from 1841 to 1848 of the Troy Conference Seminary at Poultney, Vt. From 1848 to 1852 he was President of Dickinson College, and then pastor of the Foundry Methodist Episcopal church in Washington until 1856, when he became Secretary of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal church and editor of its publication. He served a pastorate in the Green street church in New York city, after which he was transferred to California, where he remained eight years as a pastor and Presiding Elder of the San Francisco district. Then he came east and served out pastorates in Peekskill, Albany and Syracuse, until, in 1872, he was elected a bishop. He was one of the founders of the Syracuse University, and the first president of the Board of Trustees. He was a member of the Society for Municipal Reform, and was active in the anti-slavery movement. He published several religious works. In his death, the Methodist Episcopal Church loses one of its most distinguished clergymen, and the Board of Bishops one of its most honored members. Three bishops having died since 1880, the board will probably be strengthened by three or four new elections in 1884.

AN OUTRAGE. The house of Alfred Cole of Buckfield village, was entered Monday night, Mr. and Mrs. Cole chloroformed and $5000 in currency stolen. Cole is a tree dealer, making his headquarters in Boston, doing business mostly with R. G. Chase. He left Boston Saturday night, with $5000 in his possession. It is supposed he was followed by professionals. The house stood in the center of the village, with buildings within a hundred feet on either side and opposite. No one else was disturbed. Cole is forty years of age and bears a high character. The loss will ruin him financially. Mr. and Mrs. Cole have recovered from the effects of the chloroform, but remain quite prostrated. Two suspicious characters had been lurking about the town for several days, who have since disappeared. It is suspected that they did the deed.

While business of all kinds starts up slowly in this State the present spring, there is a firm feeling that speaks well for the summer and fall trade. The lumber business is feeling the effects of the long drouth, which, happily, has now broken, and woolen manufacturers have frequently found prices ruling against them. The shoe manufacturers are about closing up their orders for summer and pronounce the season a good one for their business, with no prospects of a dull season. The freedom from strikes enjoyed by manufacturers here is one element of their success, as it has always enabled them to meet their orders and insures a confidence among the wholesale buyers.

Mr. J. Harry Eastman, property man at the Euclid Opera House, Cleveland, Ohio, dropped dead on the 28th ult. He was formerly of Maine, and married Hattie, a daughter of the late Ethiel Stevens of Bryant's Pond. The funeral was observed on the 15th inst., at the residence of Joseph Tuttle, Bryant's Pond.

Ingersoll is on his argument in defence of the star route thieves. When that job is off his hands, he will return to his regular business of maligning the Creator.

James Hamilton, a brakeman on the St. John & Maine Railway, fell off the cars near Fredericton Junction Sunday morning, and was instantly killed.

News from London reports the absorption of the St. John & Maine Railway by the New Brunswick Railway Company, thus adding 91 miles to the latter's line.

The base ball game between the Bowdoins and Colbys at Brunswick, on Saturday, was won by the Colbys by a score of 8 to 7.

It is said that eleven 1812 pensioners have died in Bristol within little more than a year.

The work of grading the roadbed of the Monson Railroad is progressing satisfactorily with a large crew of men.

A handsome publication known as the *Pendulum* will soon be issued by students of the State College.

The date of the grand band tournament at Maranocook will be July 5th.

MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS. Our correspondent writes: Mr. John M. Winslow, Nobleboro, showed me a device of his own "get-up" for dropping corn or other seeds in hills, worth a great deal more than its cost; no patent obtained or applied for. It consists of a common two quart tin dipper, in which the seed is carried, with a half tunnel soldered upon its side, into which the seed is dropped, the tunnel opening into a tube about an inch in diameter, terminating at the bottom with a tunnel shaped opening some three inches in diameter. The tube is of such length that when resting upon the hill, the dipper is supported at a convenient height for a person to drop the seed from it into the tube, standing erect.——Mr. N. R. Pike writes: L. W. Modlin of New Castle, Indiana, has been spending several days in Winthrop, and vicinity, in making selections of Jersey stock to take to Indiana, and has finally purchased one carload (32 head) fine animals which were shipped last week for their destination. This shipment is largely made up of young animals from the herds of G. A. Pike, P. H. Snell, A. C. Carr, Horace Bearce and D. N. Gower of Winthrop, and are of the Maine State Registry. This is the second carload that thoroughbred Jerseys have shipped from Winthrop within a short time.——Edward Shibles of Knox has some very fine Merino sheep. He has sold seven yearlings, the lightest weighing 92 lbs., and from that to 110 lbs. apiece. Their fleeces taken off this spring averaged 14 lbs. The largest one clipped 16½ lbs. of wool. He has a three year old buck weighing 145 lbs. that sheared 23 lbs. of wool. Mr. Shibles also has some very fine horses and colts of the Knox and Gideon stock. ——A despatch from Bangor states: "The ravages of the potato beetle bid fair to be more extensive this season than for any preceding one. No sooner had a large patch of potatoes of one of our farmers began to break ground than they were immediately covered with these pests, and in a brief space of time completely destroyed. The farmers are dismayed at the prospect of another campaign with the Colorado curse." We apprehend that Paris Green will wipe out the beetle and banish the "dismay."——The trustees of the Piscataquis Agricultural Society, offer premiums on field crops, for the year 1883, as follows: Best acre of wheat, $8; 2d, $5; 3d, $3. Best acre of corn, $8; 2d, $5; 3d, $3. Best acre of potatoes, $3; 2d, $2. Mixed grain—best acre, $3; 2d, $2; 3d, $1. best ¼ acre of root crops, $2; 2d, $1. These premiums are offered subject to the following conditions: Land to be measured by a competent surveyor, who shall certify to the measurement, certificate of preparation of the land, time of sowing, time of harvesting and of culture. Measurement of crop to be before the producer and two witnesses under oath. Entries for the above premiums to be made by the 10th day of June next.

FOREIGN NOTES. In the assassins' trial at Dublin, Fitzharris, the cab-driver, was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

The grand jury have found true bills for conspiracy to murder against Kingston, Gibney and Healy, who were charged with conspiracy to murder Poole, and a true bill for threatening to murder against Matthias Brady, who was charged with making threats against the life of the foreman of the jury which convicted his brother, Joe Brady. They were arraigned and pleaded not guilty.

James Mullett, Edward O'Brien, Edward McCaffery, Daniel Delaney, William Mooney and Thomas Doyle, all of whom had pleaded guilty to the charge of conspiracy to murder, were arraigned for sentence Thursday. The first five mentioned were each sentenced to ten years penal servitude and Doyle to five years penal servitude. The crown decided to drop the criminal charge against McCaffrey of having participated in the murder of Burke. Matthias Brady pleaded guilty, but the crown and the person threatened assented to his discharge. Judge O'Brien, after sentencing the men before mentioned, discharged the special jury panel summoned to try the case of the men charged with the Phœnix Park murders and other crimes.

James Carey, the man who was concerned in the Phœnix Park assassinations, and who turned informer and was the principal witness for the crown against his companions during their trials, was, on Saturday, released from custody. Carey declares that he intends to remain in Dublin and further, that he will vigorously prosecute those of the tenants occupying his premises who have refused to pay their rent since he became an informer. Ever since Carey turned informer his house has been guarded by policemen and on his liberation Saturday, the guard was doubled.

The Pope has issued a circular to the Irish clergy, prohibiting them from interfering in Irish politics. The excitement over the circular in Ireland, is intense. Mr. Justin McCarty, member of parliament for Longwood, has sent a circular to prominent Irishmen connected with the Irish National League, in which he suggests the formation of an organization to assist in the movement to raise a national monial for Mr. Parnell. The town commissioners of Dungarvan, Ireland, at a meeting Saturday night, adopted a resolution disapproving the papal circular on the ground that it counselled disunion between the priests and the people of Ireland, which would tend to promote the organization and schemes of secret societies. The circular is also condemned by the Irish in this country, but the Pope insists that his mandate shall be obeyed.

EXECUTION OF DANIEL CURLEY. Daniel Curley, the second man convicted of participation in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke on the 6th, of last May, was hanged in Dublin, Friday. The jail was guarded by a force of military. After the priests had prayed privately with the condemned man in his cell, mass was performed in the prison chapel in the presence of the governor and wardens, where Curley received the sacrament. Meanwhile a group of women who had gathered outside the prison were on their knees saying the litany for the dying. When the black flag announcing that the execution had taken place was hoisted over the prison, every man in the crowd outside, which numbered barely a thousand, uncovered his head, and murmurs of sympathy with Curley were uttered. A rush was then made by the crowd for the garden near by, where Curley's relatives had assembled and where his father was kneeling and praying for the repose of the soul of his son. The people soon dispersed quietly. Curley walked to the scaffold with but little assistance. He seemed to be resigned to his fate, but was hardly firm. He declined to make any statement touching his connection with the crime for which he was executed. Death was instantaneous. In a letter which Curley wrote to his wife he said: "I will take my secrets to the grave with me, and those who are at freedom to enjoy them. I will die in peace, forgiving my enemies." No one believes that Curley was innocent. His presence near the scene of the murders was proven by several disinterested witnesses, and the informers gave positive testimony against him. He admitted that he was a member of the "Invincibles," and that he had been a Fenian. He leaves a wife and five children.

THE OLDEST MAN IN WALDOBORO, is Mr. Jos. Ludwig, ninety-four years old last March, and still "just as well as ever," except lameness of the lower limbs. He is as erect and his countenance is as fair as an average of men at seventy-five, and his sight and hearing are but very slightly impaired. He has a good set of teeth, never having had the toothache, and never having had a tooth extracted in all his life. He has ever been a strong temperance man, never having used either rum or tobacco. He has scarcely been sick in all his life, has had charge of the barn, etc., till within about a year, and has been able to do a good day's work in the hay field till since he was ninety years old. Mr. Ludwig has a family of ten children living, having married for a second wife a sister to the wife of his eldest son. The eldest and the youngest daughters married "Pease" and "Beans," the second son and second daughter married "Benner," the third son and the third daughter married "Weaver," the fourth son and the fourth daughter married "Achorn;" the "Benners," the "Weavers" and the "Achorns" being in each case no blood relation.

OLD PEOPLE IN NOBLEBORO'. In March, '77, there were twenty-six persons 80 years of age and upwards—average age about 86 years. In March, '83, twenty-one of this number had died, one moved out of the State, leaving only four in town, as follows: Mrs. Jane Overlock, aged 94 yrs. 6 mos.; Joshua Benner, 93 yrs. 9 mos.; Jos. Benner, 88 yrs. 9 mos.; Joshua Moody, 87 yrs. 9 mos. In March, '83, there were 17 persons in town 80 years of age and upwards.

The copious rain of Tuesday and Wednesday came like a benediction on the dry and thirsty earth. It gave the grass a pronounced start, and sprouted the seed that was planted. Now, with warm weather, vegetation will go forward with a bound. The rain filled all the streams, and will send the logs down to the mills, where they are much needed.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT—THREE LIVES LOST—$50,000 WORTH OF PROPERTY DESTROYED. After years of exemption from calamity in the line of disastrous accidents, the Maine Central Railroad Company is now a sufferer. A fearful accident occurred on this road at "Brown's corner," Vassalboro', on Friday forenoon last, at 11.50 o'clock, the regular freight train, No. 28, from up river, colliding with an engine running wild. Charles Small, the engineer on the freight, was instantly killed. Albert S. Kilgore and George Estabrook, engineer and fireman respectively of the engine running wild, received injuries from which they soon died. The sad news soon spread through this city, where the three men who had thus met a violent death were well known, and great sorrow prevailed. A relief train was at once despatched to the scene of the disaster, with surgeons and other help. The collision occurred near what is termed the "gravel pit," about five miles from Augusta, at a sharp curve in the road, so that neither engineer saw the danger until within a few seconds of the terrible crash. On the east a sharp bluff makes up about twenty feet from the road, while on the west but a few rods off is the river. The freight was about fifteen minutes late and running some twenty miles an hour. Kilgore was pressing his "wild" engine to the fullest extent, in the vain hope of reaching Riverside before the starting of the freight train, and it is estimated that he was running at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The result of a collision under such circumstances can be imagined. The momentum of the freight was so great that it carried or rather pushed the opposing locomotive three rods back on its course, tearing up sleepers and wrenching the rails. W. N. Lawrence, fireman of the freight locomotive, saw the other engine coming when it was some ten rods off and cried out, "See, Charlie! an engine is coming!" Lawrence jumped and landed in a stone heap, but strange to say was uninjured. Small stood bravely at his post of duty. As the engine struck, the boiler of the freight engine exploded, filling the air with pieces of iron and wood. The flue sheet from the front end of the boiler was hurled up a bank a distance of some twenty rods into a field. A large piece of iron struck a tree about that distance from the scene, scraping off the bark. The smoke stack was found nearly half a mile distant. The noise of the almost instantaneous collision and explosion was heard the distance of several miles, and attracted the attention of farmers at work in the field. It was distinctly heard at Belgrade, distant on an air line at least ten miles. The concussion was dreadful, broke out window glass, rattled dishes in houses on the Sidney side, and rang the teacher's bell in a school house. On striking, Kilgore's engine left the track, and slewed partly round. It is an awful wreck, but it can be repaired and put on the road again. Small's engine is ruined irretrievably, and is good for nothing but for old iron. It hugged close to Kilgore's engine in a death embrace, the flues bent up and coiled and wound up about it like a huge mass of snakes. This engine was found reversed; Small's was wide open. The freight train, Geo. Standish, conductor, consisted of twenty-nine cars, the most of them being platform cars. Sixteen of these were wrecked, the prompt action of the brakeman saving the others. One car was loaded with furniture, which was stove into kindling wood. The momentum was so great that two or three of the flat cars ran under Small's engine, giving the appearance of having the engine loaded on them. The next three cars kept the track, but the dozen or fifteen which followed these were piled up in one heap as though some huge giant had dropped them on each other, one by one, from a monster balloon poised in the sky. The wheels of these cars were stripped off, and were all in one pile. The scene was one never to be forgotten by the thousands who visited it. A large crew was put on to clear the track, and in the meantime a spur was built around the ruins to allow the running of trains.

And now as to the poor victims of this awful disaster. Mr. Albert S. Kilgore was about 48 years of age, and had resided in the employ of the road some twenty years. He had lived in this city for several years until last fall, when he removed to Portland. He had a wife and a little girl. Mr. Charles Small also lived in this city until recently, when he removed to Skowhegan. His venerable parents still reside here, at Pettengill's corner. Small was employed at the depot some three years. He leaves a wife and two children. Both were genial, pleasant men, very popular among their associates, and among the tried and trusted corps of engineers on the railroad. Both had fine physiques, and weighed some 240 pounds each. George Eastabrook, the fireman who was killed, was a resident of Bangor, and had a wife and several children.

Kilgore was found just outside the track, having apparently been hurled from his position in his own engine over Small's engine, a distance of about forty feet. The left side of his face was crushed, and he received internal injuries. He lived half an hour, and a portion of that time was conscious. There are various reports as to what he said, but a gentleman who was by his side informs us that he simply expressed solicitude for his little girl, and sent a message to his wife that "it is all right." Small was undoubtedly killed instantly. He was found amid the ruins, by the side of his own engine. He was wedged in between the fire-box and cab and was terribly mangled, the right leg being crushed to a jelly and the foot completely twisted around. Eastabrook, the fireman, was found between the tender and the engine, his feet in the fire-box, badly crushed. Strange to say, he lived for some minutes after being taken from the ruins. The bodies were brought to Knowlton's furniture shop in this city, where they were viewed with solemn interest by hundreds of people.

Wm. H. Libby summoned the following jury, and an examination was had. The jury consisted of H. W. True, D. W. Sullivan, George Hunt, E. G. Storer, Wallace Bolan, Henry M. Sprague. After hearing witnesses, the jury returned the following verdict:

"The death of Albert S. Kilgore, Geo. Estabrook and Charles Small, was caused by concussion and injuries received in a collision of a special engine and a freight train, No. 28, of the Maine Central Railroad Co., at Arey's siding, Vassalboro', on the 18th day of May, A. D., at about the hour of 12 o'clock, noon. That said accident was caused by said Albert S. Kilgore, in running the said special engine contrary to the special rules and orders of said company, to their employes. They further find that said company were not at fault and should not be censured."

The material loss to the company by this accident cannot be less than fifty thousand dollars, while the value of the precious lives cannot be computed by dollars and cents. There is no trouble in this case in locating the blame for this awful catastrophe. It clearly belongs to but one person.—Albert S. Kilgore,—who, according to his orders, should have waited at Augusta and passed the train there. But his lips are forever sealed; he cannot speak in his own defence; and for his blunder he has made the costly sacrifice of his life. This sacrifice silences criticism, and the presence of this great sorrow can but excite the profoundest sympathy for orphaned children, weeping widows and aged parents bowed with grief.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL. The Parnell fund amounts to $45,000.—The Marquis of Lansdowne has accepted the Governor-Generalship of Canada.—A serious fight occurred over the possession of a mine in Santa Fe County, N. M.—The storm Monday night did considerable damage on Long Island.—The flood in Dakota is subsiding. —A severe wind and rain storm is reported at Cleveland.—Nine vessels on Lake Michigan are ashore.—A $7000 fire occurred at the Lawrence Gas Works.—Rev. Zenas F. Wilds, a well known clergyman in New England, is dead.—A new plan for the reorganization of the republican party in New York has been agreed upon.—In a collision between a passenger train and a wild cat engine near Salida, Col., on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, Saturday, Fireman Edward Howard was killed and Engineer Miles badly injured. The cars and both engines were wrecked.—At the annual meeting of the National Board of Underwriters in New York, it was reported that the year's business had not been profitable.—The Grand Lodge of the World of the Independent Order of Good Templars is in session in Chicago.—The Hill investigation, at Washington, which is to be conducted by Mr. Murch, begins to-day.—Two friends of Tufts College are to make that institution the gift of two new buildings, with funds for their care and maintenance.

Several changes have recently been made at the Soldiers' Home, Togus, under the new administration. Dr. Maxfield, the surgeon, has resigned, and Dr. Bolan of this city, temporarily fills his place until a new appointment is made. Mr. Wales, who has so long and efficiently led the band, has resigned, and Mr. Chermie, a German music teacher, takes his place. Mr. Adams, engineer, leaves his position and is superseded by Major Keith of Boston.

DEATH IN THE WHIRLWIND. On Friday a terrible cyclone swept over a portion of Illinois, Missouri, and Wisconsin, creating an awful havoc, and resulting in a fearful loss of life and property. Houses were sent whirling through space; men, women and children were caught up by the wind, and crushed to pieces, while fleeing to what they supposed were places of safety. We condense some of the horrible particulars.

The cyclone struck Racine, Wisconsin, about 7 o'clock Friday evening, the temperature in the afternoon having been about 70. The cyclone was announced by a breaking of the clouds, which took a whirling motion and struck the earth with a noise which might be compared to the roar of a thousand railroad trains thundering over a bridge. The path of the storm was a little over a half a mile long and perhaps a quarter of a mile wide. In this territory here and there a building is left standing. All brick and frame dwellings alike collapsed, and their sites are marked only by heaps of debris. Many occupants of houses escaped by seeking refuge in cellars and other places of comparative safety, but the cyclone came with such lightning quickness that many were killed before reaching their cellars. In only a few cases were the houses moved from their foundations. Those in the centre of the storm simply fell in ruins. Some nearer the circumference were turned around, and, it is reported, some light articles, such as wagons, were swept into the vortex of the cyclone, as it moved from the city out upon the waters of Lake Michigan presented a grand spectacle. At Western Union Junction, seven miles west of Racine, many houses were wrecked and a man named Webber killed. The suffering is confined to the very northern outskirts of the city, among the laborers and mechanics who owned their little property, which was completely swept away. A large brick dwelling, in which were 14 people, was reduced to a pile of ruins, but not one of the inmates was more than slightly injured. It is estimated that 25 people were killed, and 100 injured at Racine, and that 150 houses were demolished. Loss $100,000.

Among the peculiar incidents of the cyclone, is one to the effect that the house of Matt Levin and wife, an aged couple residing on the lake shore, was picked up and hurled into the lake leaving them sitting at a table on the floor in the kitchen, uninjured. Three miles from there, and out of the track of the storm, a barn was taken up and three cows left standing, uninjured, on the floor. One barn at Racine now stands on its gable, being upside down, but not broken or started in any point. At North Point a man and a team were lifted up by the cyclone, and dropped again some 15 feet farther on. No damage was done by the wind, but the wagon was injured when it struck the ground. When the storm struck the lake, water was thrown in the air to a height of 75 feet, and all along shore farmers say the cyclone explodes the popular belief heretofore cherished that such storms never reach lake regions. A house on High street is missing and has not yet been found. Joe. Kupel, living in a house on the lake shore, saw the cyclone coming, and started for the house of Mr. Hilkers, to get into a cellar, his wife and child being with him. When about half way across lot the storm caught them. Mrs. Kupel fell and lost her hold on the child, which was carried rapidly toward the lake. A large Newfoundland dog, owned by Mr. Hilkers, ran and caught the child and held it until the danger was over. Mr. Kulpel grasped his wife and saved her. We cannot undertake to give the names of all who were killed or injured.

The cyclone plowed its way through three counties in Missouri—Montgomery, Warren and St. Charles—and besides destroying a large amount of property, killed and more or less seriously wounded over 20 persons. The largest amount of destruction has been in St. Charles county, south of the Wabash Railroad. Mrs. Douglass Lacket, wife and two daughters were severely injured. John Jenkins was killed, his two sons and two daughters badly injured and John Lowrey injured. In the neighborhood of Florista, St. Charles county, and thence into Warren county for about 15 miles, the line of the storm is traced. John Glassford was severely and his wife slightly injured. William Spies and Ora Sherman were severely hurt. Mrs. George P. Strong and Miss Strong slightly hurt. P. Johnson and wife were wounded. Mr. Elisha McAtee was severely injured. Several persons in describing the storm say the whirling funnel-shaped cloud looked like a huge column of mist, and emitted myriads of electric sparks which presented a very beautiful appearance.

In Illinois the storm raged in about the same manner as it did in Missouri. It struck no town of much size, but spent its force upon farm-houses, country residences, growing crops, etc. In the vicinity of Edwardsville, on the Indianapolis & St. Louis Railroad, the residences of George W. Kidder, Isaac A. Davis and A. K. Barnett were totally wrecked. At the latter house Mrs. Barnett's daughter, Miss Frank Maxey of Upper Alton, who was visiting her parents, was instantly killed, and all the other members of the family were more or less injured. A well on this place containing 20 feet of water was sucked perfectly dry. Wolf's store at Hamel, a few miles south of Edwardsville, was blown to pieces and four persons were killed. At Woodsborough James Carr and his wife were seriously injured. In Texas township three persons named Clifton were killed and nearly a dozen badly injured. The pecuniary loss will amount to several hundred thousand dollars. Throughout the State the storm was widespread and very destructive. However, no farm property were destroyed in all directions within the area of a dozen counties, and many persons were either killed or seriously wounded. The storm on Lake Michigan, Sunday night, was very heavy and considerable loss of life. From the different accounts it appears that the loss of life thus far reported by the cyclone in Wisconsin, Missouri, Illinois, etc., on Friday night, is rising one hundred.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. The First Congregational church and society of Brewer have unanimously invited the Rev. B. B. Merrill, of Searsport, to supply them as acting pastor, and he has accepted, to commence his labors the first of June, when Mr. Harriman's labors close.—— Rev. A. Hayden, of Portland, who was unanimously called to the pastorate of the Elm street Universalist church, Auburn, has formally declined to accept. Mr. Hayden prefers to remain loyal to his present important charge.——The 45th annual meeting of the Franklin Co. Conference of Congregational churches will be held at Phillips, June 12th and 13th.——The Universalists in Phillips do design to have reaching a portion of the time.——Rev. William Lang, of St. Albans, has been engaged as pastor of the Christian church, in Parkman.——Rev. H. C. Munson, of the Universalist church in South Berwick, is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures that are very interesting and well attended.——The Methodist preachers of Portland and vicinity have taken action with reference to the formation of a Church Aid Society, to assist in the location and erection of churches within the bounds of the Maine Conference.—— Rev. A. De F. Palmer of North Berwick, has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Baptist church.——Saturday morning the solemn and impressive ceremony of ordination was performed at the Cathedral in Portland, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, the canidates being Rev. James F. Hickey of Portland, and Rev. Thomas E. Reilly of Concord, N. H., who were raised to the dignity of the priesthood.——The Free Baptist Quarterly Conference will meet at Rangeley, June 13 and 14. The installation of Rev. C. H. Pope as paster of the Congregational church at Farmington is appointed for June 5th.——The venerable Rev. Dr. Hill stated at the morning service in Portland, Sunday, that he had been settled over the First Parish, ten years, Saturday last being the anniversary of his installation. He commemorated the occasion Sunday by delivering a sermon that he preached thirty-seven years ago, the first Sunday after his installation.

It is reported at Concord, N. H., that the Boston & Maine, Eastern, and Boston & Lowell railroads, have formed an alliance to secure such legislation as will be beneficial to them at the next session of the general court. What this alliance means particularly is to obtain the ratification of the lease of the Eastern to the Boston & Maine, while the Lowell wants the general railroad law enacted. The movement is considered by many as a menace to the lines comprising the central system of the State, that have already given notice of their intention to make application to the legislature for leave to consolidate.

A correspondent writes: "Capt. Arthur Sproule of Bristol, has a stone mortar and pestle used by his grand-parents in "ye olden time" for pounding corn, &c. He also has an old "King's Arm" gun, and a chest of drawers brought from Ireland by his great grandfather."

Lawyers will gladly learn that Brougham, the great English barrister, was always careful of his throat, and further that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy for bronchitis and other throat troubles.

City News.

Proprietors of saw mills say they must have more rain to get a sufficient quantity of logs down from the mills for their summer's work.——Rev. Mr. White will preach his farewell sermon at the Universalist church next Sunday.——A touching fact is related in connection with the tragic death of Engineer Charles Small. His aged mother lives at Pettengill's corner, this city, and from an elevated position in front of her house she can see the passing trains on the railroad. The passing of Charlie's train always found her in this place, waving a signal to her much loved son, who never failed to respond, and who never forgot that his mother was there, thinking of him, and watching for his coming.—— Mrs. Dr. Ricker, Mrs. Rev. S. G. Sargent, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt, are in attendance at the National Baptist anniversaries at Saratoga, N. Y.——There is a gratifying quickening of interest in many of the religious societies.——Mr. H. F. Hunt, recently connected with the Schoville House, Waterbury, Conn., has accepted the position of clerk at the Augusta House.—— The young folks connected with the Unitarian society, and others who presented the opera of "Pepita," at Granite Hall, last week, are to be congratulated on their success as amateurs. Miss Annie Hatch, and Mr. W. C. Philbrook, were of course the leading characters, both possessing fine voices, and both being well sustained. Indeed, so well was the opera performed that a demand has been made for its performance elsewhere; and our local company will give it at the Soldiers' Home, Togus, and at Gardiner. At the latter place the opera will be given Thursday evening of this week.——The Hammond street church of Lewiston, gave a cordial reception to Rev. Roscoe Sanderson and his wife. There were supper, presentation of a purse of money, and true Methodist enthusiasm. These Methodists have a happy way of greeting their pastors with a purse of money and something to eat.—— The Woman's Auxiliary, connected with the Y. M. C. Association, have now 40 members. They have just chosen the following officers: President, Mrs. S. S. Brooks; Vice Presidents, Mrs. F. H. Beale, Mrs. H. C. Wilson; Secretary, Miss Addie P. Bangs; Treasurer, Mrs. E. B. Delano. ——Among other curiosities, (and the circus hasn't come yet) we have in Augusta a fair specimen of the creature called the "dude." The "dude," as our readers know, is a funny creature of the male persuasion, who dotes on his good clothes, whose gait is an American imitation of the London swell, who has the intelligence of a baboon, who has a young and struggling moustache, saved from the latest razor, and who looks as if life were made up of very green cucumbers and

...ms of General News.

...persons were poisoned in Lowell ...g canned squash.

...nday, snow fell in several places ...a, Ohio and Maryland.

...n Hale's Woods, Barrington, N. H., ...d $20,000 worth of lumber.

...e democratic State Convention in ...y, last week, Procter Knott was ...ed for candidate for Governor.

...ald that Ben. Jones, son of ex-col- ...nes of Chicago, has lost $200,000 ...self and others, in speculating in ...

...sale of Jersey cattle at New York, ...r day, some fancy prices were real- ...everal cows brought more than ...ch.

...rohibitory liquor amendment to the ...nstitution was defeated last week in ...sylvania Senate, by a vote of 21 to ...

...ler explosion at the Woolvaine ...ill, Detroit, Mich., Monday, blew ...e walls of the building, and killed ...neer and fireman.

...rs were said in the Catholic ...s of Toronto, Sunday, for the re- ...the souls of Brady and Curley, the ...Park assassins.

...ouse of William Penn, in the city ...adelphia, is being transferred to ...nt Park, where it will be re-erected, ...redly preserved. Crowds of people ...out the place, gathering scraps of ...r relics.

...rand jury at Boston, on Thursday, ...d no "bill" in case against Albert ..., charged with shooting his part- ...A. P. Fickett, on the steamer ...April 30. It is possible that this ...d no jurisdiction, and the case will ...efore the New York authorities.

...nor of the completion of the bridge ...e East River, Col. Roebling, the ... will give a reception at his resi- ...n the afternoon that the bridge is ...

...An artist made a cast of his face ...nesday, for the purpose of making ...r bust, which it is designed to have ...ed at the opening exercises, the 24th.

...efalcation of Wasson, paymaster in ...ny, is attributed to poker-playing ...s brother officers, and that this has ...ing on for some time. Wasson was ...abit of giving his checks for the ...of his gambling debts, and as these ...ssed through the bank, the govern- ...thorities have succeeded in ascer- ...where the money went to.

...President has appointed Walter ...of Louisville, Ky., Commissioner of ...t Revenue in place of Green B. ... resigned. Walter Evans was in ...legate to the Chicago convention and ...e of the 306 who supported Gen. ... candidacy. In 1879 he was a can- ...for Governor of his State on the Re- ...n ticket.

...ge H. Stuart, the Philadelphia phil- ...ist, and president of the United ...Christian Commission, has issued a ... a reunion of the members of the ...an and Sanitary Commissions and ...eral and Confederate chaplains of ...ellion on July 22, at Ocean City, N. ...large number of prominent preachers ...l sections of the country have prom- ...be present.

...acquittal of Jere Dunn, who has ...n trial for his life for murdering ...Elliott, the prize fighter, in Chicago, ... weeks ago, has aroused the utmost ...tion among the friends of Elliott in ...ork, and many predict that it would ...healthy" for Dunn to come to New ... The Chicago papers denounce the ...al, the judge who supper was given Dunn ...e release, at which the counsel who ...ed him figured conspicuously.

...ington P. Hayes, an extensive sash, ...lind and window manufacturer of ... N. H., committed suicide Saturday, ...ging. He was 55 years old and ...a family. Last fall his factory was ... out, causing a heavy loss. This ...he started a new one at Bellamy, ...lendid prospects, having been filling ...orders. The cause of the rash act ...buted to the recent loss of his beloved ...er and also trouble occasioned by ...rning of his factory.

...s from St. Elie, in the county of ...onge, Canada, shows that on Mon- ...evening, 14th, about 9 o'clock, a land ...ook place on the bank of the river ...hiche, which blocked up its course ...rried away acres of farm, brush and ...timbered land, doing great damage ...directions. The slumping up of the ...had caused the formation of a lake ...0 feet deep, and parties who went to ...e canoed over the submerged forest ...s and maples.

...orts from 33 counties of California ...that 13 will give the largest wheat ...et produced, 4 will give above the ...e, 13 will give average crops or be- ...average, and 2 will give poor crops. ...ay crop has been more or less dam- ...throughout the State, and the flames ...d so rapidly that nothing was saved. ...lives were lost. The stern of the ...er was swung in, and most of the ...and passengers escaped to the wharf, ...some jumped into the river and swam ...e. It is not known how the fire ...ated.

...alarm caused by the lack of tidings ...Gen. Crook is increasing. A dispatch ...El Paso, Texas, says a special corre- ...ent, who was for several years a sol- ...and has long been a scout, and who ...the Sierra Madre thoroughly, has ...d in pursuit of Gen. Crook. A lead- ...officer, who thoroughly knows the ...d and the enemy, expresses the opin- ...at Crook has made the boldest adven- ...ever made by an American soldier. ...is evidence that Crook is on the table ...or among the foot-hills, for the reason ...he Apaches have been broken up into ...bands and are raiding small villages ...e east of the Sierra Madre range.

...ob Ganreway, a lad about 14 years of ...was arrested Monday night, May 14, ...taken to Reading, Pennsylvania, ...he charge of having wrecked a ... near Ephrata, on Friday last, ...hich George M. Hoin, master me- ...c of the road, met a terrible death, ...literally roasted alive. The other ... hands narrowly escaped with ...lives. It seems young Chamberlain, ...lives with his parents in a rude hut in ...Welsh mountains, wanted to ride to ...ata, and for this purpose boarded a ...t train. He was put off and wanted ...ge.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, May 23, 1883.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 2254; sheep and lambs, 3860; fat hogs, 17,479.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extr a quality, $6 37½@7 12½; first, $5 75@6 25; second, $4 50@5 62½; third, $4 00@4 37½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 00@3 87½.

Brighton Hides—7¼c per lb.

Brighton Tallow—6¾@7¼c per lb.

Country Hides—Light ones, 6@6¼c per lb.; heavy, 7c per lb.

Country Tallow—4@4½c per lb.

Calf Skins—11@12c per lb.

Wool Skins—$1.75@2.00; Lamb Skins—40@50c each; Sheared Sheep Skins—15@20.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By	Number.	Pr, per 100 lbs live wt.	Live wt.	Average weight
A. N. Monroe	20	6 50	"	1300
do	15	6 40	"	1090
do	30	6 75	"	1200
do	15	6 25	"	1110
do	40	6 85	"	1420
do	30	7 00	"	1500
do	30	6 95	"	1490
do	28	6 90	"	1420
do	20	6 70	"	1100
do	35	6 80	"	1200
J. Stetson & Co.,	13	6 60	"	1093
do	5	7 00	"	1250
do	7	6 85	"	1351
do	6	6 70	"	1155
do	12	6 65	"	1151
Fitch & Eames,	24	6 80	"	1316
J. McFlynn	8	6 75	"	1275
do	6	6 65	"	1232
C. Leavitt & Son	7	7 00	"	1400
do	10	6 90	"	1407
do	10	6 80	"	1277
do	6	6 75	"	1350
do	4	6 70	"	1125

The trade for beef cattle has not been so good as it was one week ago, prices upon all grades having declined ½@¾c. per lb. for the same grades. A number of the best cattle brought into market were intended for the English market. But few Western cattle have sold below 6½@7½c. per lb. Light weight cattle sold lower than that sum were those from the North and Maine, including beef cows, coarse cattle, etc.

Sheep and Lambs.—The supply for the week were all owned by S. W. Hollis & Co., and driven direct to the abattoir to be slaughtered. Prices unchanged; sheared sheep, 6@6½c.; wool sheep, 7½@8c., and Lambs 8½@9c., per lb live weight.

Swine.—The total number of Western fat hogs brought into market over the several railroads the past week is 17,479 head, costing 7½@8c. per head landed at the slaughter house.

Boston Market.

WEDNESDAY, May 23.

FLOUR—The demand for Flour continues quite moderate and sales confined to small lots as wanted by the trade. We quote sales at $3 50@4 00 for Western Superfine; $4 25@5 00 for common extras; $5 00@6 00 per bbl. for Minnesota extras, including choice baker's brands: winter wheats have been in fair demand @5 20@5 75 for Michigan, $5 50@6 50 for Ohio and Indiana, $5 75@6 75 for Illinois and St. Louis. Patent spring wheats have been selling at $7 25@7 75 and patent winter wheats at $6 25@7 25 per bbl. Corn Meal is dull and sales at 3 10 per bbl. Rye Flour sells at $3 75@4 00 per bbl. In Oat Meal sales have been at 6 25@6 50 for Western, and $7 00@7 50 per bbl. for choice and fancy.

GRAIN—The market for Corn is steady; prices about the same. The sales of high mixed have been at 75@76c. per bush., steamer mixed and yellow at 71@74c., and no grade at 60@68c. per bush. Oats are steady, but continue in fair demand. No. 1 and extra white have been at 60@63c; No. 2 white at 56½@57½ and No. 3 white at 54½@55c. and mixed at 52@55c. per bush. Rye Straw sales have been in small lots at 00@80c per bush. Shorts have been selling at $18 00@21 00 and Fine Feed and Middlings at $21 00@23 per ton. Cotton Seed Meal sells at $27 00 per ton.

PROVISIONS—There is a firm feeling for pork, with a steady demand. Sales of prime $17 00@17 50; $21 00@21 50 for mess; and $22 00@23 50 for clear, including backs. Beef sells at $12 00@14 00 per bbl. for mess, $12 00@14 00 for extra mess, and $14 50@17 50 per bbl. for extra plate and family. Lard is firm. Sales at 12@12½c per lb., for city, and Western. Smoked Hams are selling at 12½@13½c per lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE. New butter has been arriving more freely and prices have eased off. The demand is moderate and sales of Western and Northern creameries at 25@26c for choice; 22@24c for fair and good; New York and Vermont dairies at 20@23c for choice, and 17@19 for fair and good; Western ladle packed 15@16 per lb. New cheese has been arriving more freely and meets with moderate demand. Sales 11@13½c for fair and good to choice factories, and small sales. Combing and delaine fleeces are in moderate demand. The sales ranged from 43@45c for fine delaine, and 45@48c for fine and No. 1 combing. Unwashed wools are steady but quiet. The sales have been principally 25@31c. Pulled wools have been quiet, but remain about the same. Sales of common and choice supers at 25@40c, and small lots of very choice Eastern and Maine at 45@47½c per lb.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, May 23.

APPLES—Baldwin, per bbl., $3 75@4 23. Greening, per bbl., $3 75@4 25.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes $3 10@3 25 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $2 90@3 00.

BUTTER—Best, 19@20c per lb; fair to good, 15@16; good, 17@18c per lb.

EGGS—15c per doz.

GRAIN—Oats 57c@60 per bush; corn 80@83c.

HAY—$11@13 per ton; pressed $12@13.

POTATOES—Early Rose, per bushel, 80@82. Burbank, 75@78c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, 8@9; chickens 17@18c; turkeys 22@25c.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, May 22

Hogs—Receipts 12,000 head; shipments 1400 head; weak; mixed 6 90@7 20; heavy at 7 25@7 60; light at 6 90@7 30; skips at 3 50@6 40.

Cattle—Receipts 6,000 head; shipments 2,000; exports at 6 20 @6 45.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, May 23.

APPLES—Green $4 00@4 50 per bbl; No. 2 $2 25@2 50.

BEANS—Pea beans $2 70@2 80; Yellow Eyes $3 10@3 25.

BUTTER—Good Firkin Butter sells for 15@20; Ball Butter 16@20.

CHEESE—New 13½@14¼c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 50 per cwt.

EGGS—16@17c per dozen.

FLOUR—$6 50@6 50 per bbl.

GRAIN—Corn 60; oats 60; barley 75c.

HAY—$10 00@12 00; pressed $13@15.

STRAW—loose $6@8; pressed $8@10.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey, none in market.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 5½@7c, dividing on 90 pounds; wool skins 50@1 25c; calf skins 13c; deacons 25@35c; shearlings 15@20c.; unwashed wool 22c.; washed 27@30c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10@1 15 per cask; cement $2 00; plaster, $6@6 50.

LARD—12@12½c.

MEAL—Corn 75@78; rye 90@95.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 95@1 00 cents per bushel; onions $1 30@1 50 per bushel; cabbages $3.00 per hundred lbs.; Squash $4.50@5 00 per hundred lbs; Sweet Potatoes, 3 75@4 00.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 11@11¾c; beef per side 9@10c; ham 13@14c; fowls 15@18c; Sp. lamb 20@21c; mutton 8½@9c; veal 9@10c; chickens 18@20c; round hog 8½@9c; sausages 14c; turkeys 18@20c; geese, 14@15c; ducks, 14@16c.

SHORTS—$26@27 per ton.

GROUND PLASTER—Sells at $5 00@5 50 per ton.

WOOL—Washed 30@33c; unwashed 25.

The market for the past week has been dull, and produce has not been active. All of the pea beans brought in of late have come from Boston and sell at $2.60@2.75 per bushel. Eggs are not quite so plenty as during the previous week, and have advanced 1 and 2 cents per dozen. Bermuda onions bring $1.60@1.75 per crate; lettuce, 65c per dozen, and asparagus $1.75@2.00 per dozen. Choice spring lamb, 18@20c. Beef remains about the same as last week.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, May 23.

APPLES—Evaporated, 18@19; dried Western, 9@9½; do Eastern, 8@9c. Eating apples, $2 50@5 00 per bbl.

BUTTER—18@20c for choice family; Vermont, 20@23c per lb.

BEANS—Pea $2 90@3 00; Yellow Eyes $3 25@3 50.

CHEESE—Me. and Vermont Factory new 14@15½c; N. Y. Factory, 14@15½.

COAL—Stove and Egg $7 00.

FLOUR—Superfine $3 50@4 50; Spring X and XX $5 50@6 50; Michigan Winter X and XX $6 00@6 50; Common Michigan, $6 50@7 00; St. Louis winter patents $7 50@8 00.

FISH—Cod Ship's $6 00@6 25; Shore $6 00@6 25; Herring $4 00@4 50; Scaled per bx 23@27c; Mackerel per bbl. Shore No. 2 $11 75@13 00.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots 76c; oats 57c; cotton seed, car lots $28 00; cotton seed, bag lots $30 00; sacked bran, car lot $21 00 @22 00; sacked bran, bag lots $25 00; middlings, car lots $24 00; middlings, bag lots $25 00; rye, $1 30.

LARD—Per tierce 12½@12¾c per lb; per tub 12¾@12½c; pail 12¾@13¾.

PROVISIONS—Fowl 16@18; chickens, 18@20c; turkeys 24c; eggs 16@17 cents; potatoes 85@90 per bushel; Chicago extra beef $13 50@14 00; pork backs $24 00@24 50; clear $23 00@23 50; hams 14@16.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, May 22.

United States Bonds,	3's,	(reg.)	103½
"	5's	(ext.)	102¾
"	New 4½	(reg.)	112½
"	"	(coup.)	113½
"	New 4's	(reg.)	119¾
"	"	(coup.)	119¾
"	Pacific 6's	'95.	127

Editor's Table.

The June number of the "North American Review" opens with an article by Joseph Nimmo, Jr., Chief of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, on "American Manufacturing Interests," in which is given a singularly full and instructive historical sketch of the rise and progress of manufactures in the United States, together with a very effective presentation of their present conditions, and of the agency of tariff legislation in promoting diversified industries and encouraging the inventive genius of the people. An article on the other side, and in favor of free trade, is presented by Hon. Wm. D. Springer. The other articles are also able and interesting. The "Review" is sold at 50 cents a number; $5 a year. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of "The Living Age" for May 12th and 19th contain Nasmyth's Autobiography, Quarterly; The True Character of the Pilgrim Fathers; The Gospel according to Rembrandt; An Unsolved Historical Riddle, by J. A. Froude; The Condition of Russia; The Last Days of a Dynasty "Bar;" A Visit to Longfellow; Study and Stimulants; New Lake Poets; Antonis; A Chinese Funeral; with instalments of "The Ladies Lindoroe," "No New Thing," "The Wizard's Son," and poetry. Each number consists of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price ($8) is low; with it for $10.50 the publishers supply a copy of the American $4 00 monthlies or weeklies with "The Living Age" for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June is an unusually varied number, profusely and beautifully illustrated. The Frontispiece (illustrating "Faustus"—a poem by S. S. Conant) is from a drawing by E. A. Abbey. There are finely illustrated articles on "Lambeth Palace," "The Hundred Days' War," and many other choice specimens of literary effort. Published by Harper Brothers', New York.

Several of the pictorial features of the June CENTURY are of more than ordinary interest. The frontispiece portrait of Tennyson after Woolner's bust, and the other full-page pictures in the profusely illustrated paper by Edmund W. Gosse on "Living English Sculptors," also Severn's sketch of Keats' life, the last illness, accompanied by a sonnet by Miss Edith M. Thomas, and a portrait of the artist-friend Severn. Of descriptive papers, there are fifteen or sixteen on articles which reinforce H. H.'s concluding paper in her history of the ruin of the Canadian Indian in California. Other illustrations with George W. Cable's account of the commercial growth of New Orleans, under the title, "The Great South Gate." The relations of England and Ireland are discussed. Mrs. Howells has his sixth part of "A Woman's Rescue," and there are other papers fully up with the times.

ST. NICHOLAS for June is crowded with pictures, and appropriately ushers in the summer with an interesting article, by I. N. Ford, on the Tribune "Fresh-air Fund," through which so many thousands of poor city children have been enabled to taste the pleasures of a two weeks' vacation in the country. Humor and pathos are delightfully blended in the account of this noble work, and the experiences of its beneficiaries vividly illustrated by W. H. Drake, M. Woolf, and Jessie McDermott. The latter also contributes three drawings for a poem on the same subject, by Margaret Johnson, called "A Beautiful Charity." Trowbridge and other popular writers contribute to the terrible disease.

There is a lavish amount of entertaining reading in "Lippincott's Magazine" for June. In "Vagaries of Western Architecture," Frederic G. Mather takes up the history of a representative Western city, "Johnwater," which shows the progress which has been made. The contents embrace matter of absorbing interest. Publishe i at Philadelphia.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. With the June number, just issued, the "Eclectic" completes another volume, and is provided with an index, which shows more convincingly than the table of contents of a single number can do the rich variety of good things which this sterling and standard old magazine provides for its readers. The June number is itself an excellent one, containing eighteen articles upon almost as many different topics. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single copy, 45 cents; trial subscription for three months, $1.

We have received the Magazine of Art, for June, the magnificently illustrated monthly, published in New York, at $3.50 per year. Single copies, 35 cents.

We have received from Lee & Shepard, Boston, another book by Amanda M. Douglass, entitled "Whom Kathie Married," a book that all will want to possess who followed Kathie through her childhood, revealing, as it does, her womanhood, with its duties and pleasures. The book is for sale by J. F. Pierce, Augusta.

NEW ENGLAND BIRD LIFE, being a manual of New England ornithology. Revised and edited from the manuscript of Winfrid A. Stearns, member of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, etc. Part 1. Oscines (Singing Birds), illustrated, $2.50. The most complete Cyclopedia of Singing-Birds of New England. The Editor's name is a guarantee that the work is thoroughly and completely prepared. Published by Lee & Shepard, and for sale by J. F. Pierce, Augusta.

"The Real Lord Bryon," which James R. Osgood & Co. have just published, by arrangement with the author, Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, contains some of the most sensational and exciting chapters in modern literary history, and will arouse a storm of discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. With a straightforward and unwavering fairness, devoid of all attempts to exculpate or incriminate the poet, this skilful biographer unfolds the record of his actual life, its good deeds and bad, and leaves the reader to form his own verdict. The adventurous and martial career of Lord Byron in Italy and Greece is described at length, and his extraordinary habits of life. It is a rehabilitation of the author of "Childe Harold," with 500 pages of reminiscences of his friendships and contests with Shelley, Trelawney, Goethe, and many others of the chief men of his time. For sale by J. F. Pierce, Augusta.

PEACE BETWEEN PERU AND CHILI. After a year of bloody and desolating war on sea and land, and two years of scarcely less disastrous disorganization and internal strife, Peru has adjusted her troubles with Chili on terms which, though they are hard, are easier than might have been expected. The conditions of the peace, are the cession to Chili of the coveted Province of Tacne and the port of Arica for ten years. At the end of that time a plebiscite is to be taken to determine to which country the ceded territory shall belong, and the country thus acquiring it will pay indemnity. The treaty was signed on the part of Peru by Gen. Iglesias, a man of wealth and influence who has been devoting himself for months to bringing the war to a close, and who exercises a good deal of authority, especially in Northern Peru.

The good effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla on a debilitated person, are seen at once, and a cure follows its use.

Items and Incidents.

The Suez Canal Company proposes to cut a second canal across the Isthmus.

Millions of packages of the Diamond Dyes have been sold without a single complaint. Everywhere they are the favorite Dyes.

A lady living near Algona, Ia., bought a mourning outfit at a milliner's shop in that town the other day. She said that her husband was in bad health and liable to pass away any time, and it might not be handy to come to town for these things when she needed them.

The *Hop Plaster* will cure Back Ache, and all other pains instantly. 25 cts., only, at druggists.

Florida built nearly 250 miles of railroad last year.

"An irrepressible conflict" was waged between nature and heart disease, prior to the discovery of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, some 30 years ago. That conflict has since been an unequal one, the disease yielding to the remedy in every instance.

Three factories in the United States consume nearly 2,000,000 eggs a year in making a peculiar kind of paper used by photographers.

VASSALBORO', MAINE, Dec. 15, 1882 I ploughed up some worn-out grass land in the spring of 1880, and planted it with corn on June 10, using Bradley's Phosphate only in the hill. In about ninety days I got good, sound corn, some of which I have sold for seed. I have also used it on grass ground, and think it increases the grass crop about one-third for the first and second years. I have also used it on my garden, without any other dressing, for three years in succession, with favorable results. Some tell me they can raise corn for fifty cents per bushel by using Bradley's Phosphate. I would suggest to farmers that it would be better for them to turn their attention to the raising of corn, rather than buy so much at present high prices. EBENEZER FRYE.

The dog tax nets the different State governments about $16,000,000 per annum, and the Commissioners of Agriculture say it costs $50,000,000 per annum to feed them.

"Test a man's profession by his practice. Physician, heal thyself!" Physicians not only heal themselves with Kidney-Wort, but prescribe it for others for the worst cases of biliousness and constipation, as well as for kindney complaints. If you feel out of sorts and don't know why try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.

The Canadian government is now having trouble with the Indians of the Far West.

MAKING SHORT WORK OF IT. In the seige of Troy, Apollo encouraged the Trojans to be valiant against the Greeks, by saying: "The mighty Achilles does not fight to-day." It would seem as if Death had been bidding disease to make its greatest inroads upon men, by saying: "Hunt's Remedy is out of the market." But the Trojans found to their cost, that the mighty Achilles came to the field, slew their greatest champions, and made short work of the battle. And Hunt's Remedy, as an Achilles against kidney and liver diseases, has taken the field, and is making short work of all such ailments. Hundreds of testimonials from all quarters are coming in as to the might of this champion medicine. Not surer was the sword of Achilles than this powerful, yet peaceful, remedy in battle form, as it wages war against dropsy, urinary and kidney complaints, and overcomes. It is wise to call in its aid.

The delicate way for a widow, who marries the brother of her first husband, to allude to her first consort is always to speak of him as "my deceased brother-in-law," if any one stumbles on his picture in an album and wants to know whose likeness it is.

The drunkard swills alcohol. Wise men use *Samaritan Nervine*, the king of all remedies.

When the divorced wife of Senator Tabor returned to Denver from California the other day, a reception was given in her honor by the best people of the town.

In the *Hop Plaster* are united the virtues of *Fresh Hops* and the strengthening and stimulating balsams, and its cures of Weak Back, Pain in the Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia or Pain in the Chest are simply marvellous, it being more efficacious and thorough than any liniment or liquid remedies. You'll say so after using.

Ever since the one-sided bout between Cain and Abel, mankind has manifested a warm side for cain.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most valuable medicine for ladies of all ages who may be afflicted with any form of disease peculiar to the sex. Her Remedies are not only put up in liquid forms but in Pills and Lozenges in which forms they are securely sent through the mails.

A Mexican lady of rank now visiting the city of St Louis, has hair two and a half yards long.

A man suffering from debility and loss of appetite; took two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, gained ten pounds and got well.

All the counsel for the defence in the star route case are going to talk. The prosecution have sent for their summer clothes, and appointed temporary guardians for their families.

For thick heads, heavy stomachs, biliousness, "Wells' May Apple Pills," cathartic. 10 and 25 cents.

It is said that when William H. Vanderbilt sailed for Europe he took letters of credit with him for $1,000,000. Some one asked him jocosely what he intended to do with so much money. "It is the custom on the other side," responded Mr. Vanderbilt, soberly, "to fee waiters and attendants."

Skinny men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia. $1.00.

When minister turn actors, the church usually loses little, and the stage gains little.

Dyspepsia, indigestion and general debility are cured by taking Swedish Botanic Compound. Sold by druggists.

The East River bridge was lighted by electricity Saturday night.

"Our child had fits. The doctor said death was certain. *Samaritan Nervine* cured her." Henry Knee, Verrilla, Tenn. At Druggists.

Some 40 head of Channel Island cattle, valued at $6000, shipped on the steamer Counsellor, from Liverpool for New Orleans, and consigned to R. B. Foster, St. Louis, were washed overboard during the voyage.

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff, and keep the hair pliable, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Boston has appropriated $15,000, to pay the expenses of foreign guests at her grand exposition in September.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in Sick Headache.

Dr. N. S. Read, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia and diminished vitality."

A YOUNG OLD LADY.

"Yes, Sir! I'm Younger than any of my Children now," said Mrs. Sarah M. Robinson, of 61 William St., New Haven, Conn.— We Read about this kind of Noble Ladies, but Seldom See them in Society.

"Yes, Sir; I'm younger than any of my children now. I keep up with the times, I read the papers, applaud the victories of old Yale, and don't grow old," were the words of Mrs. Robinson to your reporter when he called at her home. Mrs. Robinson is one of the earnest, go-ahead sort of aged ladies, of whom you read, but whom you so rarely find in modern society. "I've had my share of trouble," she said, "for all my life I've been a sufferer from erysipelas. From this has resulted dissosed stomach and inaction of the digestive organs. I've been troubled with dispepsia, and have had such a weakness of the stomach it has seemed as if I needed something artificial as strengthening. I attributed this to erysipelas, which is constitutional with me. I've been under the physician's care a great deal during my life, but I never received any permanent benefit. I think until I began taking Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, which has proved a *perfect restorative* in my case. My health is better now than it has been for a long time. I consider Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY an excellent medicine. It is used extensively in this city. I keep it as a family medicine, and rely upon it for I know of the good results of using it."

Your reporter left Mrs. Robinson rejoicing in health and renewed youth, and bestowing merited praise on that which is the source of happiness to thousands, viz: Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. Ask your druggist for it. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY has become a household word. Everybody, sooner or later, gets sick, and sickness is both wearisome and costly. FAVORITE REMEDY steps in at this point. It is not expensive and it is efficient. For all diseases of the Blood, Bilious Disorders, Kidney complaints, Constipation, and the aches and ills which make the domestic life of woman a cross so hard to bear.

A GREAT STORM. A storm began at Deadwood, D. T., on Saturday morning, with the highest water ever known in the White Wood river. The stream runs through the heart of the city. A channel was cut 100 yards wide, and everything went before the flood. All the towns up the gulch are badly damaged. Pennington is entirely gone. The valley is flooded, and half of Spear Fish is washed away. Crook City is nearly all gone. The water is now failing, though there is yet much snow in the mountains. So far, only three bodies have been recovered, but it is believed that the loss of life has been great. The wildest excitement prevailed. Horsemen were rushing in every direction, and hastily loaded vehicles were jostled together. When the flood came it carried everything, excepting the most substantial bridges, before it. Rope and basket communication has been established between the two parts of Deadwood. It has rained at the place more or less every day, for a month. The loss in Deadwood will reach $700,000. One hundred houses are known to have been washed away. The damage by the floods cannot be repaired for several weeks.

Poor Kilgore, the engineer who lost his life in Friday's railroad accident, said to a Lewiston Journal man a few days ago: "For the twenty years that I have been engineer, I have never yet met with an accident, nor has a person been hurt or killed on my train."

If you have any disease which does not yield to ordinary medical treatment, don't fail to get the Treatise on Compound Oxygen, that wonderful revitalizing agent and health restorer, and study it carefully. It is sent *free* by DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Married.

In this city, May 19, V. R. Luce to Dora F. Tabor both of this city.

In Clinton, May 5, Sullivan B. Thurston to Mrs. Annie Chadwick; May 18, Everett G. Rannels to Jennie Winn.

In Cumberland, May 17, Frederick A. Skillin of North Yarmouth, to Imogene Remington of Waterlown, N. Y.

In Elkhart, Indiana, May 5, Henry F. Thurston, formerly of Rockland, to Miss Mattie G. Wood of Augusta.

In Hallowell, May 19, Asa J. Cole to Addie F. Pease, both of Athens.

In Malta, May 5, Henry W. Carter to Esther E. Cross; May 5, Oscar Kelley of Lincoln, to Eva Moores of Milo.

In Madrid, May 6, Lewis C. Wing to Effie Huntington.

In Phillips, May 5, Daniel W. Wells to Mittie F. Taylor, both of Avon.

In Portland, April, 17, Charles L. Hill to Julia A. Collins.

In Sidney, May 6, Geo. A. Barnard to Jennie F. Jones.

In Skowhegan, April 28, Capt. G. A. McIntire to Nettie Morse.

In Vinalhaven, May 12, Lewis C. Pierce to Arietta T. Foster.

In Washington, May 5, Augustus Cogswell, to Miss Josephine Morse.

In Warren, May 12, Andrew Jackson of Bath, to Mrs Annie L. Jones of Thomaston.

In Wiscasset, May 16, by E. Kenelm Lunt, Esq., Carrol N. Blackwell of Salem, to Emma M. Childs of Jay.

Died.

In this city, May 14, Madora D. Jones, aged 14 years; May 16, Mrs. Addie M. Randall, aged 36½ years; May 16, Mrs. Tina Clark, aged 78 years.

In Atkinson, April 17, Charlotte A., wife of Wm. Ball, aged 65½ years.

In Brownville, April 4, Estella M., wife of Oliver B. Hathorn, aged 25 years.

In Bar Harbor, May 9, Mrs. Mary Ann Hodgkins, aged 51 years.

In Charleston, April 22, Maurice W., son of Warren C. and Clara Stocker, aged ¾ year.

In Chesterville, May 15, Matilda F., wife of H. E. Hodgkins, aged 34 years.

In Dover, April 8, Abizer H. Warren, aged 72¼ years.

In Dixmont, May 2, Joseph, son of the late Allen Gilmae, Esq., aged 73½ years.

In Eastport, May 10, Dorcas, widow of Capt. Thomas Bibber, aged 99½ years; May 13, Mrs. Abagail A. Greenlaw, aged 80¾ years.

In Ellsworth, May 11, Georgie L., daughter of James L. and Maria W. Cook, aged 8 years.

In Foxcroft, May 4, Daniel Wyman, aged 63¾ years.

In Farmington, May 2, Jane C., wife of Stillman Tarbox, aged 77 years.

In Orland, May 10, Mrs. Lucy E. Wight, aged 77½ years.

In Pishon's Ferry, May 15, Mrs. C. W., wife of John Totman, aged 73 years.

In Portland, May 18, James Osgood, aged 58½ years.

In Rockland, May 16, Lewis Howes, aged 19 years; May 18, Elizabeth, wife of G. W. Millikin, aged 64 years; May 9, Julia E., wife of Frank L. Richardson, aged 22½ years.

In Searsport, May 16, Mrs. Lucy A. Field, wife of the late Benj. Field of Augusta, aged 78½ years.

In Strong, May 1, Edith M., child of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Wilbur, aged 5 years.

In Temple, May 9, Sarah R., wife of T. B. Smith, aged 69 years.

In Union, Ada L., wife of John T. Luce, aged 27¾ years.

In Vinalhaven, May 4, Mr. Thomas J. Parry formerly of Islesboro, aged 38 years.

In Weld, May 6, Mr. Charles Storer, aged 43 years.

DIPHTHERIA!

THE PROSTRATION which follows Diphtheria, and the persistency with which it clings to the patient, are well known to all who have had any experience with this terrible disease.

The following letter shows how the restoring and invigorating properties of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

overcome it, and how by vitalizing and enriching the blood it neutralizes and eradicates the poisoned matter from it, bringing to the convalescent the color, life and vigor of robust health.

LOWELL, MASS.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO.: Gentlemen—My little girl had the diphtheria last April. The disease left her very weak, poor, with no appetite, and she could not seem to rally from its effects. HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA was recommended by a neighbor. After she had been taking it a few days we noticed a change for the better—she began to eat with a relish. It seemed to take out the poison the disease had left in her blood, the change being very noticeable in her face. She took it two months and fully regained her health, much to our delight. We now recommend HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA with a great deal of pleasure. Very truly yours,

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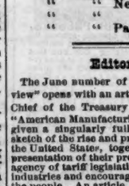

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Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

The "Old Story" Retold.

BY F. H. BEALE.

When John and I first started out
On the journey of life together,
Our hopes were young and held in doubt
Of finding pleasant weather.

We tripped along on the even road
With nature softly smiling,
And minded not our equal load,
The way was so beguiling.

For rose trees bloomed on either side
Of the way that we were going,
And the air was sweet with the rippling tide
From feathered throats out-flowing.

We came to a little angry brook,
While pleasure was thus engrossing;
I refused John's hand with a doubting look,
And we slipped from the stones in crossing.

But landed safe on the farther shore,
We laughed at our strange upsetting,
And added something to our store
Of knowledge by our wetting.

And now a heavy cloud appeared
Though girt with golden edges,
But love smiled through as the Heavens cleared,
And left its living pledges.

Our way from this was over beds
Of sweetly scented flowers.
The sun looked softly on our heads
With now and then showers.

And every hill we conquered showed
A farther prospect brighter.
What mattered that our cares did grow
So that our hearts grew lighter?

But suddenly our path led down
Into a shadowed valley,
Our hearts grew faint as Heaven frown'd
With scarcely hope to rally.

We neared the stream where life and pride
Flow outward to the ocean,
And laid our loved ones on the tide
That keeps the world in motion.

'Twas now we first began to weigh
The mixture in our cares.
We found each other mostly clay,
With but a touch of Heaven.

And singly up the steep descent
We bore our equal burden,
And tripped a little as we bent
Beneath our heavy crosses.

The way grew rougher from here somehow,
And the roses bloomed less sweetly;
I sounded the past to find just how
I had borne my burdens so meekly.

And more[and more we grew apart,
In will and act divided,
The present promptings of the heart
Our holiest thoughts collided.

We stumbled if we walked too near,
We stumbled when we parted,
And stronger grew the wish each year
That we had never started.

Said John one time, while in a heat—
His eyes had a cold, hard glitter—
"What a pity that once an Angel sweet
Should be lost in a woman so bitter!"

"Ah yes! what a pity 'tis," I said,
In accents clear and nearly,
"That one who had this Angel wed
Should show his horns thus early!"

From this John changed—was seldom kind,
And spoke—I am but human,
And did you ever an Angel find
Done up in mortal woman?

The road though rough, now rougher grew,
With many rocky places,
And fitfully the head winds blew
Dissension in our faces.

The sun looked down as if in doubt
Of the duty 'twas performing,
And if perchance 'twas clear without,
The clouds within were storming.

* * * * * * *

And now our path is full of pits
In which we often tumble.
For if the first one only trips,
The other is sure to stumble.

The road on either side is bare,
No shrubs with roses clinging,
No balmy, music-laden air,
The birds have stopped singing.

No beds of flowers across our way,
No children round us playing,
Our hearts, our lives are dead to-day,
And we are merely existing.

We look ahead and there we see
Instead of landscapes glowing,
A rocky path, without a tree,
Or shrub, or flower growing.

We look around, the heavy air
Drops darkly down about us.
The love and hope we used to share,
Have found their graves without us.

We look aloft beyond the sea
Of clouds and doubts, decaying
A sometime hope of future joy,
When John—or I—is dying.

John mopes along by the fence outside,
And I, by the fence on the other,
And the cry within is each one's divide
Is to make the distance farther.

Our Story Teller.

AN ALGERIAN LION STORY.

How I came to be sitting, in very good company, one glorious September evening, in the little moon-lighted garden of the hotel at Algiers is neither here nor there.

My companions about the round table, which was garnished with slim bottles, glasses and piles of cigarettes, were all Frenchmen—three old Algerian colonists, the fourth an ex-lieutenant of the navy, who had exchanged a life on the ocean wave for that of a hunter in three-quarters of the globe.

Before dinner I had picked up in the salon Du Chatlin's gorilla-book, which I had never seen before, and my saying something about this turned the conversation in the garden upon wild beasts and the hunting of them.

Some wonderful stories were told, especially by the ex-sailor, though not a bit more wonderful than many one hears from old Indian sportsmen.

For the matter of that the most extraordinary sporting story I ever heard was told by—of all men in the world—a hare-hunter, who capped therewith a snake-and elephant narrative, quite unique of its kind.

Presently a short silence, caused by the uncorking and tasting of a new bottle of Hermitage, was broken by the eldest of the party, who had not said much before. He was a good-looking man of fifty, with beard grayer than his head, and a merry twinkle in his eye. What he said I shall repeat for the sake of clearness in the first person, just as he told the story himself.

"The adventure of which I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened to me a good many years ago. It was my first serious interview with a lion. Like most serious things, it had a comic side, too.

"I was a young officer then, and had been some half dozen years in Constantine, farming, in partnership with a friend, an old colonist, whose acquaintance I had made on board ship coming out from Marseilles.

"Our business was corn and cattle raising, and we did very well together, until my partner died of a fever, and after that I took a dislike to the place. I thought I would shift my ground into this province, Algiers, push toward the frontier, and get a grant of government land and make a farm of it. So, getting a neighbor to give an eye to things in my absence, I started on my prospecting expedition.

"I say I, but I should say we, for there were three of us, sworn comrades as ever were.

"First, there was your humble servant; secondly, there was my horse Marengo, and a better never looked through a bridle. He was bred between a Barb sire and an English mare belonging to the colonel of chasseurs, of whom I bought him in town, when his regiment was going home. He stood about fifteen hands two, carried the Barb head, and the rest of his body was all bone and muscle. As jumper was as good as his courage was high; as for me he would follow about like a dog, but he had one failing, and that was an insuperable objection to the close proximity of anything, except one thing, that stood on four legs. We all have our peculiarities, and this was his. Bipeds were all very well, but multiply the legs by two, and he let fly immediately, and never missed his aim.

"Such was Marengo."

"Thirdly, there was Cognac, the faithfullest, the most honest, the oddest and the wickedest little dog the world ever saw. He was more like a terrier than anything else, with a short yellow coat, a fox's head, very long ears, and a very short tail. The shrillness of his bark was only equaled by its like a knife, but the awfulness of his howl—he always howled if left alone—baffles description. During the fourteen years I had him, he seldom left me day or night. On a journey he would run beside me, and when tired get up and sit in my wallet. The great pleasure of his life was to steal behind people and secretly bite their legs.

"By some mysterious affinity, he and Marengo were friends from the first. They now sleep under the same tree.

"Well, we started, and after going over a good deal of ground, I thought I had decided on a location, and turned my face homeward. My direction was by Alma, to strike the great road that runs under the Atlas eastward into Constantine.

"It was about 8 o'clock one morning, when I had been some two hours in the saddle, that I emerged from a narrow valley, or ravine, through which the road ran, on to a sandy plain dotted with bushes and scrub.

"I had just laid the reins on Marengo's neck, when suddenly he gave a tremendous shy that pitched me clean off.

"The next minute, with a horrible roar, a lion sprang right at his head.

"I made sure he was on the top of him, and so he would have been, but, as Marengo wheeled short round like lightning on his hind legs, the streaming reins caught the brute's forepaw, and, as it were, tripped him, so that he fell sideways on the road.

"The heavy jerk nearly brought the horse down, but the throat-lash broke, the bridle was pulled over his ears, and, recovering himself, he darted away among a grove of trees that stood by the wayside.

"So intent was the lion on the horse that he paid no attention to me lying defenceless before him.

"Crawling swiftly along the ground, he pursued Marengo, whom I gave up for lost—for his chance against the lithe brute among the trees seemed hopeless.

"However, as luck would have it, there was an open space about a dozen yards across. In the centre of this, Marengo took his stand, with his tail toward the lion and his head turned sharply back over his shoulder, watching him.

"He stood quite still, except for the slight shifting of the hind feet and lifting of his hind quarters, which I knew meant mischief.

"The lion probably thought so too, for he kept dodging to try and take his opponent by a flank movement. But the old horse knew his game, and pivoting on his forelegs still brought his stern guns to bear on the enemy.

"Soon, with a roar, the lion made his spring, but Marengo lashed out both heels together with such excellent judgment of time and distance that, catching him full in the chest, he knocked him all of a heap to the ground, where he lay motionless. Then with a neigh of triumph and a flourish of his heels, he galloped through the grove out on to the plain, and was safe.

"The lion lay so still that I thought he was dead, or at any rate quite *hors de combat*, and was just running to pick up the bridle and follow Marengo, when he sat up on his haunches. This made me stop.

"As he sat there with his head loosely wagging from side to side, and mouth half open, he looked quite vacant and idiotic.

"Suddenly his head stopped wagging, he pricked his ears, and by the flash of his eye and changed expression, I knew he had seen me.

"Only one thing was to be done, and I did it. The outermost tree was large and low-branched. To it I ran, and up it I scrambled, and had just perched in a fork about fifteen feet above terra-firma as the lion arrived at the bottom.

"Looking up at me with two red-hot coals for eyes, his long, nervous tail lashing his sides, every hair on his body turned to wire, and his great claws protruded, he chattered at me as a cat chatters at a bird out of reach. His jaws snapped like a steel trap, and his look was perfectly diabolical. When he was tired of chattering, he stood and growled.

"Catching sight of the bridle, he walked to it, smelled it, patted it, and then came back and lay down and glared at me.

"My carbine—confound it!—was slung at my saddle. My only weapon, besides my hanger, was a pocket pistol, double-barrelled, and what in those days we called a breech-loader—that is, the barrels unscrewed to load, and then screwed on again.

"It would have been a handy weapon against a man at close quarters, for it threw a good ball, but for a lion! Besides, the beast was too far off.

"Then the thought flashed into my mind, where was Cognac?

"I supposed he had run away and hidden somewhere. If the lion got sight of him, it would, I knew, be soon all over with the poor little fellow.

"All at once there arose, close at hand, an awful and familiar yell. It had a strange, muffled tone, but there was no mistaking Cognac's voice.

"Again it came, resonant, long-drawn, and sepulchral. It seemed to come from inside the tree. Where the deuce was he?

"The lion appeared utterly astonished and turned his ears so far back to listen that they were almost inside out, when from some hole among the roots of the tree there popped a small yellow head with long ears.

"'Down, down, Cognac!' I cried in my agony; 'back, sir!'

"A cry of delight, cut short by a piteous whine, was his reply, as he spied me, and then dashing fully a yard toward the lion, he barked defiantly.

"With a low growl and ruffling mane, the beast charged at the little dog.

"Back went Cognac into his cave as quick as a rabbit, and stormed at him from inside.

"Thrusting his great paw right down the hole, the lion tried to claw him out. Oh, how I trembled for Cognac!

"But he kept up such a ceaseless fire of snapping and snarling that it was plain he was either well round a corner or that the hole was deep enough for his safety.

"All the same, to see the great cowardly beast digging away at my poor little dog like that was more than I could stand. Cocking my pistol, I shouted, and as he looked up I fired at his blood-shot eye. He shook his head, and I gave him the other barrel.

"With a scream of rage he bounded back.

"Cognac immediately shot forth his head and insulted him with jeering barks.

"But he was not to be drawn again, and after a bit he lay down further off and pretended to go to sleep. Cognac barked at him until he was tired and then retired into his castle.

"Reloading, I found I had only three bullets left, and concluded to reserve them for a crisis.

"It was now past noon. To beguile the time, I smoked a pipe or two, sang a song, and cut my name, Cognac's, and Marengo's on the tree, leaving a space for the lion's, which I determined should be Wellington. I wished he would go away. Having some milk in my bottle, I took a drink, and should have liked to give some to Cognac. The lion began to pant, with his red thorny tongue hanging a foot out of his mouth. He was as mangy and disreputable a looking brute as I ever saw. By-and-by he got up and snuffed the air all around him, and then, without as much as looking at me, walked off and went deliberately down the road.

"Slipping to the ground, I caught up Cognac, who had crept out directly, and after looking carefully round for the lion, was smothering me with caresses. The lion was turning toward a bushy clump in a hollow about two hundred yards off. That light green foliage—willows, water! Had the cunning brute sniffed it out?

"Anyhow, it was a relief to stretch one's legs after sitting six mortal hours on a horse. The lion disappeared round the branch. The lion disappeared round the branch. I strained my eyes over the plain, but could see nothing moving. Then I gave Cognac a drink of milk and a few bits of bread-cake, for which he was very grateful. Of course it was no use beginning a race against a lion with only 200 yards start in any number of miles. The tree was better than that.

"All the same, he was a long time gone; perhaps he was really gone for good. Bah! there came his ugly head round the corner again, making straight for us.

"When he was pretty near I kissed Cognac, and threw a bit of cake into the hole. Then I climbed again to my perch, Cognac retired growling into his fortress, and the beast of a lion mounted guard over us as before.

"He looked quite cool and comfortable, and had evidently had a good drink.

"Another hour and he was still there.

"While I was wondering how long he really meant to stay, and if I was destined to spend all night on a bough like a monkey, and on very short commons, he got up, and walking quietly to the foot of the tree, without uttering a sound, sprang up at me with all his might.

"He was quite a yard short, but I was so startled that I nearly lost my balance.

"His coup having failed, he lay right down under the branch I was on, couching his head on his paws as if to his mortification.

"Suddenly the thought came into my mind: Why not make a devil and drop it on his back? I dismissed it as ridiculous, but it came again. As we have all, including our English friend here, been boys, you know what I mean—not a fallen angel; but the gunpowder devil.

"Well, it seemed feasible. I would try it.

"I had plenty of powder in my little flask, so pouring some into my hand I moistened it well with spittle and kneaded away until it came out a tiny Vesuvius of black paste. Then I formed the little crater, which I filled with a few grains of dry powder, and set it carefully on the branch.

"My hands shook so with excitement I could hardly hold the flint and steel; but I struck and stuck—the tinder ignited—now Vesuvius!

"Whiff, whizz! The lion looked up directly, but I dropped it plump on the back of his neck. For an instant he did not seem to know what had happened; then with an angry growl up he jumped and tore savagely at the big fiery flea on his back, which sent a shower of sparks into his mouth and nose.

"Again and again he tried, and then raved wildly about, using the most horrible leonine language, and no wonder, for the devil had worked well down among his greasy hair, and must have stung him like a hundred hornets. His back and mane burst into a flame, and he shrieked with rage and terror.

"Then he went stark, staring mad, clapped his tail between his legs, laid back his ears, and rushed out of the grove at twenty miles an hour, and disappeared up the ravine.

"Almost as mad as the lion with joy, and feeling sure he was gone for good, I tumbled down the tree and ran off along the road as fast as I could, with Cognac barking at my heels. By-and-by I had to pull up, for the sun was still very hot; but I walked as fast as I could, looking out all the time for Marengo, who would not, I knew, go very far from his master. Presently I spied him in a hollow. A whistle, and, whinnying with delight, he trotted up and laid his head on my houlder.

"In my hurry I had forgotten the bridle, but with my belt and handkerchief I extemporized a halter, tied one end round his nose, and catching up Cognac, mounted, and galloped off, defying all the lions in Africa to catch me.

"There were still two hours before sunset to reach the next village, and by hard riding I did it. That we all three of us enjoyed our suppers goes without saying. And that, gentlemen, is my story."

We all agreed it was wonderful.

For the Maine Farmer.

Memorial Day.

BY L. HORTENSE.

Ma'ma, I hear the loud beating of drums,
And there are lots of folks coming this way,
They've got lots of guns, and such a big flag,
Say, where are they going to-day?

Just look! there are ladies with baskets of flowers,
And children no bigger than me
Are carrying little wee flags in their hands,
Oh, ma'ma, do please come and see.

There are men with gold bracelets way up on their arms,
And each man has a bouquet on his breast;
There's gold on their shoulders and gold on their belts,
Oh just see how nice they are dressed.

Say, where did they gather such beautiful flowers?
How I wish that I had just a few;
See how straight the men walk, and how sad they all look,
Say, what are they going to do?

My, darling, the men that you see dressed in blue,
Were soldiers, long, long years ago;
They fought for their country, their honor, their flag,
While slavery received its death blow.

You remember the picture I showed you one day,
That I said was your dear Uncle Neale,
He, too, was a soldier, and fought for his flag,
But he gave up his life on the field.

There are thousands of brave boys sleeping to-day,
That died for this country of ours;
And through this whole land, both the North and the South,
All their graves will be decked with sweet flowers.

The laurel is placed on each soldier's tomb,
The friend and the foe fare the same;
Since Union and Peace is proclaimed through the land,
We forgive all our wrongs in His name.

Island Falls.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

Truth is a greater stranger than fiction.

It doesn't take a Northern invalid very long to get well in Florida. When the first week's hotel bill is presented he generally says, "I guess I am well enough to start for home this afternoon."

Another Southern outrage: "Look heah, Uncle Mose, dem white folks I'se been workin' for has done insulted me der wussest kind." "How did dey insult yer, Matilidy? Did dey tole yer dot yer mouf was too small?" "I can't jess help gettin' mad, Uncle Mose. De white woman I'se been workin' for made out I was no better den a chief. Fore God, I'se gwine to heb the law on her." "What did she say?" "She said I stole five dollars in change, and hit was only four dollars and a quarter. I counted it over twist myself. I wouldn't tell a lie for all de money in Austin."

The first time you see two women kissing each other, just notice how quick they let go.

A philosopher says: "Live your life in such a way as to show contempt for wealth." That's "us!" We want our daily life so intermingled with wealth, as it were, that familiarity will breed contempt.

There is a story of a schoolmaster who, on every available occasion, eloquently denounced cruelty to animals. One day, when out with his class botanizing, he saw at a distance one of his scholars catch a bird and immediately let it go. Radiant with pride and delight at this proof of successful moral teaching, he pointed out the noble little lad's goodness to his school fellows, and hurrying up to him patted him on the head and said: "So you restored the poor little captive to his native freedom, my dear little child?" "Yes, and so would you, too, if you'd been me," returned the boy. "Look here, here the little beggar stuck his beak into me!"

A Washington Sunday school teacher pays the members of his class fifty cents for every Psalm they learn. As there are 150 Psalms in the Bible a smart boy could earn enough to furnish him with a sufficient quantity of toy pistols to kill the entire neighborhood.

A Petrified Forest. The visitor to the petrified forest near Corizo, on the Little Colorado, will begin to see the signs of petrification hours before he reaches the wonder; here and there at almost every step in the road small pieces of detached limbs and larger stumps of trees may be seen almost hidden in the white sand. The road at a distance of ten miles from Corizo enters an immense basin, the slope being nearly a semicircle, and this enclosed by high banks of sand and white fine clay. The petrified stumps, limbs and, in fact, whole trees, lie about on all sides, the action of the waters for hundreds of years have gradually washed away the high hills roundabout, and the trees that once covered the high table land now lie in the valley beneath. Immense trunks, some of which will measure over fifty feet in diameter, are broken and scattered over a surface of three hundred acres. Limbs and twigs cover the sand in every direction, and the visitor is puzzled as to where he shall begin to gather the beautiful specimens that lie within easy reach. There are numerous blocks or trunks of this petrified wood, that have the appearance, for all the world, of having been just cut down by the woodman's axe, and the chips are thrown around on the ground so that one instinctively picks them up as he would in the log camps of Michigan and Pennsylvania. Many of the small particles and even the whole heart of some trees have now become thoroughly crystallized, and the beautiful colored cubes sparkle in the sunshine like so many diamonds. Every color of the rainbow is duplicated in these crystals, and those of an amethyst color would pass the eye of a novice for the real stone. The grain of the wood is plainly shown in nearly every specimen, making the pieces more beautiful than ever.

An ingenious clock has just been completed by a poor Jewish watchmaker, in Russia, after two years of hard labor. At certain hours of the day it plays the national anthem, and gives a mimic representation of the coronation ceremony. When the hour arrives, two doors fly open, disclosing a model of the Cathedral of the Assumption, at Moscow, where the Czars are crowned. Then the gates of the cathedral swing back, and within appears the Metropolitan of Moscow, surrounded by dignitaries of the Church in gorgeous robes. The Emperor and Empress enter and are sprinkled with holy water; thereupon the Emperor takes a golden crown from the Metropolitan and places it on his own head and a second crown upon the head of the Empress, and the doors of the cathedral close. The maker of this ingenious toy will present it to their Imperial Majesties immediately after the coronation, provided, of course, that the police are sure it contains no dynamite.

A Great Country. Exclusive of Alaska this country contains 1,900,800,000 acres, of which 543,028,373 are taken up in farms, while 1,370,000,000 are still in the hands of the government. But of this amount a very large quantity, estimated at three hundred million acres, is incapable of cultivation, and another very large quantity has been voted to the railroads, and, although much of it is not yet patented, it is open to their claims as fast as they construct their roads. Since 1851, when the first railroad grant was made, Congress has voted five times the area of the British islands to corporations of this class. At the present rate of alienation, it will take sixty years to convert the public domain into private property.

A fisherman in Hull, England, died recently, after suffering excruciating tortures from some internal malady that his medical attendants could not grapple with. Just before his death he expressed a desire that his body should be subjected to a post-mortem examination, which was done, and the fact was developed that his liver had been nearly eaten away by a whole army of living creatures, resembling trichinæ. It is believed that the man had swallowed an egg of a parasite in eating uncooked meat.

Cleaning Bedspreads. Cut a pound of bar soap into thin slices, and add to it an ounce of sal soda. Pour a pailful of of boiling water upon it, and stir it up until well dissolved. Put some warm water into a tub, and add a quart of the soap solution. Put in a heavy bedspread, beat it well, turn it over often, and squeeze out the dirt until the water is quite soiled. Then change it, putting in another quart of the solution, and proceed as before. Rinse it in two waters, barely warm to the hand. If possible, pass it through a wringer; then dry it on a clothes line.

A barking dog never bites; but the same measure of confidence isn't to be placed in a humming hornet, even if he does go to war backward.

Young Folks' Column.

For the Young Folks' Column.

About My Baskets.

BY IDA.

Dear friends:—Have you hung any May baskets,
Or any thing of the sort?
I'll tell you my plans about it,
And every thing that I bought.

I planned to get up early,
And work hard all day,
And make a beautiful basket,
And hang it without delay.

I bought some peanuts and candy
To put in a basket—I'm sure
I didn't buy boots and stockings,
For none of them were poor.

I had a basket the other night,
With nothing but candy inside,
It was quite a pretty basket,
And to catch him hard we tried.

My sister had a basket, too,
A prettier one than mine;
And we caught the fellow that hung it,
Now wasn't that sublime!

Temples of the Sun.

In Persia, in ancient times, they had temples which they called "Temples of the Sun," and they worshiped the sun always. They felt that it was he who presided over the destinies of mankind, who gave them the light of day and also warmth, who was the founder of their empire, and in nearly every city temples dedicated to the sun were raised. They acknowledged a Supreme Being, a Creator of the world in fact, but he did not seem to hold the first place in their hearts, for only one small temple was erected to him. The grandest temple of all was in the city of Cuzco and it was such a rich temple it was called "*Coricancha*," which meant "The Place of Gold." It was built of hewn stone, so beautifully put together, the place of joining could not be discovered, and it consisted of a chief building with chapels adjoining, and several other inferior buildings, and covered quite an area. Everything inside the temple was gorgeous beyond description. On the western wall the Sun Deity was represented. It consisted of a human face surrounded by rays of light. This face and figure was engraved on an immense plate of gold, massive and heavy and thickly bestrewn with diamonds, emeralds and other precious stone. When the sun rose in the morning, the figure was so placed in the temple the light fell full upon it, making a most dazzling effect, and all the gold in the room (and the walls were adorned and inlaid and overlaid with gold) caught up the glory and reflected it, and everywhere were shining plates of gold and heavy ornaments of the precious metal and those, too, sent back a flood of light as the sunbeams fell upon them. One of the smaller chapels was dedicated to the moon, the next deity of importance, styled the "Mother of the Incas." All the decorations of this room, as well as the figure representing the moon, and the burnished plates, &c., were of silver. Then there were other chapels—one consecrated to the stars, another to the rainbow, and another to thunder and lightning. All these belonged, you must remember, to the Temple of the Sun. Everything used in connection with the worship of the sun was of gold and silver. There were a dozen or more silver vases of immense size, standing on the floor of the main room, filled with Indian corn. "The censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the sacred water, the pipes which conducted it through subterranean channels into the buildings, the reservoir that received it, were all of gold or silver." Then there were artificial gardens outside, with plants in them, curiously constructed of silver and gold and precious stones; there were animals of gold, life size, and even the agricultural implements used in the garden were of the precious metal.

The name of Inca was applied to the Sovereigns of Peru as well as to all those males who descended from them. The Sovereign was far above his people, even the noblest of the Inca nobility could not enter into the presence of the reigning Inca without making bare his feet and carrying a slight burden to signify homage. The Inca was considered the sun's representative, and he claimed to be vastly superior to all others, and lived and dressed in grand style. He had a number of wives, a great many children and devoted attendants. When an Inca died, his wealth did not descend to his heir, but all his treasures remained just as he had left them, and all his palaces except one were closed up forever. They believed the spirit would return some day and would require all his personal effects. The funeral was an occasion for grand display, and sometimes thousands—among them his wives and attendants—were sacrificed on his tomb. The body of the Inca was embalmed, and robed in royal attire, placed on a gold chair, taken to the Temple of the Sun. There all the dead Incas sat with their hands crossed and their heads inclined in the midst of all the gold and silver, the men on the right and the queens on the left of the blazing effigy of the Sun. The one palace or mansion of the Inca that was not closed up was kept just as if the owner had gone for a day and was expected to return at any moment. The guard was retained, the servants were all at their posts and everything went on as before. Sometimes entertainments were provided in the name of a dead Inca by the Captain of the guard stationed in the unclosed house of the Inca. Then the body of the Inca would be brought out into the public square for a feast, pomp and ceremony, and the display of gold and silver plate and jewels was something far ahead of anything we can now imagine. The Peruvian process of embalming bodies was as successful as the Egyptian, but it is supposed that it was much more simple and brought about by exposing the body to the action of the peculiar and rarified mountain atmosphere; and they were as perfect as life, "and not even the hair of an eyebrow lacking," while their countenances retained their natural, somewhat swarthy hue. A portion of the body, the intestines, &c., were buried and with them a quantity of treasure, and it was at this time and place the wives and attendants were sacrificed.

For the Young Folks' Column.

Dear Mr. Editor: I found Ida's and Carrie's letters in the Farmer, and wanted to write one too, if you will let me. I go to school every day, and have a good teacher. Every Friday we have recitations; some terms we have real nice pieces, and sometimes we have some of Mother Goose pieces. I had a birthday yesterday, seven years old, and one of my presents was the nicest present a boy could have, a real watch that keeps good time. I didn't know how to thank that good friend that gave it to me, I was so happy over it. We are all interested in the Farmer and are reading up about the Leghorn chickens now. I should liked to have seen Hal Hewins; did he come out to Lincoln Park? Our peach-trees and cherry-tree are all in blossom.

Wattie.

Washington, D. C.

Hold on, Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, strike, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, or excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your good name, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and will ever be your best wealth.

Dimple T—— was going to Chicago on a steamboat, and she and her mother were both very seasick. As they sat looking very ruefully over the side of the boat, both of them in a dejected state of mind, the little girl looked longingly at the dashing waves and said: "The water is having lots of fun, isn't it, mamma?"

A certain little three-years-old likes very much to go to church, and especially enjoys the singing. One day the choir sang, "Rock of Ages cleft for me," and after she got home, the little one was heard singing very seriously, "Rock the babies kept for me."

Little 8-year old Gracie on coming home from school, was asked by a caller if she intended to be a schoolma'm when she got old enough. She quickly responded: "No, sir; I'm going to be nothing but just a mother to my children!"

Ella—five years old, who has broken a window with a snowball—"Papa, dear, don't beat me; substract it, rather, from my marriage dowery."

Baby nudges his mother's elbow. "Mamma, stop Tota from killing the fly on the window." "What for?" "Because I want to kill him myself."

He Repeats the Remark.

"Will you please repeat that remark, Mr. Mathison?"

Turning so as to look your representative squarely in the face, the head of the house of Soren Mathison & Co., Pharmacists, No. 1802 State street, Marble Block, Chicago, replied: "Yes, sir, with pleasure. My remark was that we consider Parker's Ginger Tonic, now called Parker's Tonic, the best article of its kind in the market. Our sales for the last six months tell the whole story and settle the question. The Tonic, like a good dinner, carries its own recommendation with it. It's bound to sweep the West like a prairie on fire. In cases of rheumatism, dyspepsia and liver and kidney troubles it scores successes and wins friends every day."

Hiscox & Co. beg to call public attention to the fact that hereafter Parker's Ginger Tonic will be advertised and sold simply under the name of Parker's Tonic. We make this change for the reason that unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger; and as ginger is really an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonic, contain the genuine medicine if the fac-simile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

BRADLEY'S SUPERPHOSPHATE.

THE ACKNOWLEDGED STANDARD FERTILIZER.

An artificial fertilizer, to be both quick in its effects and lasting in its results, *must* be a good SUPERPHOSPHATE, for in this lies the fundamental principle of commercial fertilizers, the foundation of their manufacture being the discovery of the process of manufacturing superphosphate from bone and sulphuric acid. The great superiority of BRADLEY'S SUPERPHOSPHATE over all other fertilizers is due to its being a *high grade superphosphate*, containing phosphoric acid, nitrogen, potash and all other necessary elements of plant-food, *in proportions and from materials* found by the practical experience of 22 years to be the *best* to meet the requirements of *all* crops.

In distinction from "*special* fertilizers," adapted only for *special* crops, this Phosphate, containing *all* the ingredients of plant-food in the *best form* and in *sufficient quantities*, is a PERFECT FERTILIZER for *all* crops, and is equally well adapted for use with or without manure.

Send for pamphlet, mailed free to any address.

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HEART DISEASE
IS YOUR
Now HEART SOUND?

Many people think themselves sick and doctor for kidney or liver troubles, or dyspepsia, while if the truth were known, the real trouble is with the heart. The renowned Dr. Cox, in describing, startlingly says "one-third of my subjects show signs of heart disease."

The heart weighs about nine ounces, and yet man's twenty-eight pounds of blood passes through it once in a minute and a-half, resting not day or night during this period. Surely this subject should have careful attention.

Dr. Graves a celebrated physician has prepared a specific for all heart troubles and kindred disorders. It is known as **Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator** *and can be obtained at your druggists, $1. per bottle, six bottles for $5 by express. Send stamp for Dr. Graves' thorough and exhaustive treatise.* (1)

F. E. Ingalls, Sole American Agent, Concord, N. H.

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FOR SILK, WOOL, OR COTTON. FOR DRESSES, COATS, SCARFS, HOODS, YARN, STOCKINGS, CARPET RAGS, RIBBONS, FEATHERS, or any fabric or fancy article easily and perfectly colored to any shade. Brown, Drab, Green, Blue, Slate, Cardinal Red, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Olive Green, Terra Cotta and 20 other best colors. Warranted Fast and Durable. Each package will color one to four lbs. of goods. If you have never used Dyes try these once. You will be delighted. Sold by druggists, or send us 10 cents and any color wanted sent post-paid. 24 colored samples and a set of fancy cards sent for a 2c. stamp.

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It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

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BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.

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for all diseases of the Kidneys and
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Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to write the beginning of an article, in an elegant, interesting manner,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible.

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers,

"Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness

"And ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief.

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—The Parents.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say;

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."

A Lady of Utica, N. Y. 4127

IA MAN

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